San Francisco, 2 August: 1900

THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume XLIX *Number 31*

Moore, Geo
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WHENEVER we come to God and ask for anything which we consider to be a real good, we have a right to plead earnestly; but we can when we go beyond the bounds of earnestness, and come to demand. It is ours to ask for a blessing, but not to define what the blessing shall be. It is ours to place our head beneath the mighty hands of divine benediction, but it is not ours to uplift the hands, as Joseph did those of Jacob, and say, "Not so, my father."

—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Published Weekly at the Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the Publishing Company of the Pacific

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Published every Thursday at the Congregational Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, 2 August: 1900

Good to Look Aloft.

For all our life is made of little things,
Our chain of life is forged of little rings,
And little words and acts uplift the soul.

'Tis good to look aloft with ardent eyes,
And work as well. He, doing these, is wise;
But one without the other gains no goal.

—*Maurice Francis Egan.*

It hardly seems credible that slanders as base as those current in China regarding Christians are circulated in Germany about the Jews. Yet such charges are actually made by reputable journals, according to the Outlook, even going so far as to implicate the government in conniving at the murder of Christians by Jews, and the use of their blood for religious ritual. It has actually seemed necessary for two eminent Hebrew scholars to publicly deny the charge, and denounce it as a wholly unsupported slander. Such a fact ought to mitigate the harshness of Christian judgment of the "Boxers." And, by the way, while upon this topic, what answer could we make to Mr. Wu's rejoinder if he should hold up the brutal massacre of negroes in New Orleans? or the fiendish outrages in Texas? or the outbreak of murderous violence in Ohio, "the modern mother of presidents"? Doesn't it anticipate that feature of the last judgment when "every mouth shall be stopped"? And isn't charity urged by self-interest not less than by Christian duty?

Eastern newspapers are trying to find the cause of the decline of Andover Theological Seminary. Harper's Weekly explains as follows: "The trouble seems to be more with the theology which Andover is constrained to teach than with the place where the teaching goes on. Young students of theology want the latest theological truth, and Andover, as it appears, is bound to doctrines which do not seem to aspiring students to embody the most recent conclusions of learned piety. It is Calvinism that seems to ail the Andover Seminary. It is shackled in some measure to Calvinism, and judging from its experience and from other signs of the times, Calvin's theological opinions are no longer marketable. It seems irreverent to speak of the great theologian as a 'has-been' or a 'back number,' but Andover's experience seems to indicate that there may be truth enough in such a description to atone for its inelegance." It does not seem to us that the Weekly is on the right track. It is the new theological teaching that has hurt Andover. The churches have feared it, and steered clear of it in many instances, when the Seminary has sent it forth in its young ministers. Then, too, the location is against the Seminary; and we have too many of them. One in New England is enough for the East, Oberlin in Ohio, Chicago, a little further West, and Pacific, on these Western shores, are sufficient for the rest of the country. Yale will stand, of course, in New England, and Andover in all probability, not because she is needed, perhaps, but because she has a large endowment and can continue without much patronage. Bangor will try to live by doing a work of not quite so high a grade as that done by the others. Professor Paine of Bangor said recently: "It is my belief that there might profitably be a division of function and work in our theological schools. Let classical men who want Hebrew and Greek go to New Haven, Andover and Hartford; and let Bangor be left to do the work that Providence has plainly called it to do. Let it become simply an English theological school, open to men who are not prepared for a classical curriculum. This is the true path for Bangor, and it is my conviction that it will prove the only one."

The Reconstruction of China.

Just what form the issue of the troubles in China will assume only the Omniscient Eye can as yet foresee. But that that issue will be some form of independent national life, and that in the reconstruction Christian ideas will exert a leading influence may be confidently anticipated. The course of events in Spain, following her disastrous defeat, ought to arrest the judgment which would consign the Chinese empire to national extinction. A people which has developed such unexpected virility in rallying from the prostration in which its Japanese contest left it is not to be lightly given over to destruction. Added to which, there are the mutual jealousies of the allied governments, clustering around the mysterious balance of power. Important changes are doubtless impending, but the "Middle Kingdom" is destined to many more years of organic life. Another forecast may, with considerable confidence, be made. The reconstruction of China will be effected by a conbination of internal forces with others external to the empire. Christian ideas, as embodied in Western civilization, will form the basis of reform; and these must be imported. But the leaders who shall give spirit to the movement, and make those ideas dynamic agencies, must arise from within, and most probably from among those now being imbued with Christian principles. This is not to affirm that they will assume the Christian name, or urge their reforms from distinctively evangelical motives; but the moving forces will be essentially Christian ideas, molding and inspiring native reforms and statesmen.

Without such a radical change of basis, real reformation and substantial progress are impossible. For the ruling ideas of their present civilization are all in the past; summed up and expressed in that ancestral worship which is the real religion of China. The nation is lacking in any forward outlook. Not hope, but veneration; not the impulse to push out into larger life and better methods, but a settled habit of clinging to the old and doing things as the fathers did them, is its characteristic attitude. It is the vice which attaches to all highly organized institutions. That is why they have been able to make so little use of the knowledge acquired by former generations, and of the arts invented by them. Gunpowder, the mariner's compass and moveable types, inventions which have changed the whole face of modern society, they possessed ages ago, but knew not how to use them; so they held on to antiquated weapons and modes of printing, while the peoples whose gaze searched the future, in practical belief that the wisdom of the past was not the end, but only a stage of progress, have swept on and left these pioneers in civilization hopelessly in the rear.

If now we are looking for those who are to be the teachers of China's reforming cohort, one can hardly fail to fix upon the United States as standing in the front rank. Certainly of no nation is hope so characteristic. Somewhat lacking in reverence, it may be, there are none possessing the power of initiative to such a degree; none so free from entangling ideals and effete institutions. Enriched by the garnered wisdom and sturdy virility of the past, ours is peculiarly the life of to-day; our golden age is the to-morrow. Everything in American ways of living—business, government and religion, the stock from which we have sprung and the training of three centuries past, have fitted this people to supply just that which is lacking in the social state of China; to breathe new life into its ideals and to start that wonderful people once more upon the upward course. Moreover, they "believe in" us, despite our unfriendly legislation, as they do in no other nation, in our disinterestedness and fairness (it is their own testimony), and will consequently be the more ready to accept our aid in this, their hour of need.

A great responsibility is thus laid upon the United States in the matter of China's reconstruction. "The White Man's burden" grows heavier upon our shoulders by this latest accession to it. God grant that we prove not unequal to the strain, or unworthy of the confidence reposed by him in us. God grant to us, the rather, to be stirred up to more vigorous efforts after individual righteousness and social reform within our own borders; that every hindering element of injustice, irreligion, or immorality, may be eliminated from every sphere of life; that our national character may become a synonym for practical Christianity, and our communities an object lesson, setting forth the ideal Christian state. So let our hands be free to aid in establishing in the far East a true "celestial empire."

Exalt the Spiritual.

Present-day religion is distinctly humanitarian. Herein it is easily superior to the past. It is strong in externalities. Its symbol might fittingly be a school house and a hospital in juxtaposition; its motto, "He who loveth God must love his brother also." Its characteristic practical expression is in sending food to the famine-smitten and Red Cross supplies to the field of battle. It endows universities, establishes libraries, organizes charities, and seeks in every such way to provide for the earthly life of men.

All this is well. It is also eminently Christian. It breathes the spirit of the Master. It is not open to criticism on this side. On another side the showing is not so favorable. It is more human than spiritual. In its zeal for the life that now is it is apt to neglect the larger life that is to come; and this is a serious fault. Religion ought to be recognized in the market place, but not to be confined there. The soul's true home is not there; and religion is not "two-thirds conduct," if the springs of it, rather than its visible manifestations, are regarded; it is not so if these material and earthly features are set over against the spiritual and the heavenly. Just here present-day religion is weak; not merely because the things which are seen and temporary are inherently inferior to those which are unseen and eternal, but also because a disproportionate regard for these reacts in loss even within the lower sphere. Unrelieved humanitarianism inevitably tends to formalism and inhumanity. The most obvious illustration of this tendency is, perhaps, to be found in Mormonism; or, on a larger scale, in China. But its working is to be traced on every hand. Labor unions and many fraternal organizations furnish examples. Indeed, the entire existing social system bears testimony to the peril. For the spring of all vital and sustained interest in man as a creature of to-day lies deep in regard for him as a child of God, dowered not only with life but with immortality. Atheism tends inevitably to brutality. Materialism, even though not carried to an extreme, is inimical to charity; and a religion in which the emphasis is laid heavily upon improved social conditions, and only lightly upon spiritual renewal and growth, can not develop a transforming energy in society. It is, therefore, an ominous symptom of spiritual decadence to whatever degree it is true, as has been affirmed by a writer in the British Weekly, that "evangelical preachers in the Free churches have practically ceased to pray for the unconverted or to plead with them." It is an alarming indication, if it be true, that the growing distrust of revival measures "is connected with a departure from the spiritual conception of man's needs, and of the processes of salvation." For one reason or another it is certainly undeniable that conversions, in the technical sense, have fallen off in our evangelical churches; and with this, in the judgment of many influential leaders, the church has suffered a distinct loss of prestige among the renovating social forces. Even the Christian Endeavor movement has so far come under the spell as to awaken the alarm of its keen-eyed founder, and to lead to the "quiet hour" movement, directly aimed at the reinvigoration of Christian life by a more systematic and sustained spiritual fellowship with the Master. Only such communion, it is felt, can save that wonderful organization from demoralization and decay. The hearty response which the plan has evoked, the readiness with which it has been adopted, and its rapid spread, moreover, are cheering tokens of present soundness and of continued usefulness.

The lesson is not far to seek. Force resides in the spiritual realm. An unspiritual church is a powerless church; no matter what its material equipment, or its social environment. It simply cannot do the work it was appointed to do. And the necessity for spirituality becomes not less but more imperative in proportion to the materialism of the community in which it is located, and to which it is appointed to carry the word of life. To reach and to move sluggish hearts demands not only the gospel, but the most distinctively spiritual aspects of the gospel, urged with fire and persistently repeated. In China, in Utah, or in some of the congregations on our Western Coast, no merely ethical teaching, no "preaching for the times," as the phrase is sometimes used, can avail. Nothing less radical than the bibical doctrines of individual sin and divine wrath, of Christ's sacrificial offering and of salvation through personal acceptance of the personal Savior, can stir the stagnant pool of earthly thought, create a con-

science, awaken desire, detach from sin and draw out the heart in loving devotion. This is the fountain head of saving influence. These are the "terms of life" for this as for every age. And the preaching which, throbbing with the passionate love of the apostolic preacher, fastens upon "eternal" themes and aims directly, for the hearts of men will be the preaching to break down the defences of sin and to effect the transformation of society.

The Illusiveness of Wealth.

Seldom do we read anything better fitted to dissipate the glamour surrounding great wealth than the tragic experiences of the Havemeyer family. The most impressive lesson which comes out from that unutterably sad record of marital discord, suicide and death, is involved in its matter-of-fact credibility. It is simply one among innumerable tragedies continually enacted wherever money has become an idol. Wealth is good, and its possession carries with it the command of luxuries and a sense of power which is most captivating. But above the wealthiest there are the laws of God, and under their inexorable sway it remains forever true that "unblest good is ill," and the little which a righteous man hath is better than all the treasures of Alaskan goldfields dishonestly gathered or godlessly held. Afflictions do not spring out of the ground. "Whatsoever a man soweth *that* shall he also reap."

The bondage of the world has rarely come out more pathetically than in the experience of one of the "money kings" of the New York Stock Exchange. He was lying upon what was supposed to be his death-bed. A friend seated by his side finally broke in upon the sick man's restless discourse of stocks and bonds with the reminder that he was probably very near his end, urging him to turn away his thoughts to the eternal realities of the world toward which he was hastening. "Yes, yes," was the response, "I know I ought to. But," laying his hand upon his heart, "there is something in here all the time saying, 'Daniel, get! Daniel, get!'"

There was another, one of Boston's multimillionaires. Told that if he had any business matters to attend to he must do so at once, he was thrown into agony of mind, sent for his lawyer, executed his will, and handed it to his son with the words: "There, Will, take it and do with it what you've a mind to. If I had known that this is all there is to it I'd never have spent my life getting it together." Another still living, and widely known, speaking in the unrestraint of friendship, confessed: "Well—as I look back on it, my life is a failure; and that isn't the worst of it: for in the order of things I must go soon, and I am in agony about it."

These multiplied instances of dissatisfaction are not an arraignment of wealth, but only of the "love of money"; and not of all and every love at that, but only of an idolatrous love, such a love as blinds to the true riches and centers all interest upon it and its equivalents. It certainly ought to impress upon every one the folly of pursuing it dishonestly or ungenerously, or of holding it selfishly. It ought to save those who must do without it from enviously regarding its possessors, or undervaluing those infinitely superior spiritual riches which are open to every one who wills. But will they?

Notes.

A Puget Sound friend writes us that the Rev. E. T. Ford, the new pastor of the First church of Tacoma, seems to be "just the man for Tacoma."

The Rev. Burton M. Palmer of Benicia has kindly consented to write the Sunday-school notes for The Pacific for a few months. The excellent notes of last week have already made him welcome among many of our readers.

Dr. C. A. Dickinson of Berkeley Temple, Boston, has been called to supply the First church of Sacramento for five months. The Boston Transcript states that Dr. Dickinson is obliged on account of ill health to take a rest from his labors for a year. Dr. Edward Anderson has been chosen by the church as associate pastor, and will carry on the work in conjunction with Rev. W. S. Kelsey.

The Rev. Francis Lawson writes: "I am sympathetic with the pastor who was asked if it were true that he was going to leave Moline for Chicago. He replied that he was going to live in Chicago, but that he was going to take Moline along with him. So, while I may not see California very soon, I have it, with the many brethren and friends whom we learned to love, in my inmost heart. My present residence will be McCook, Neb."

No apology is needed, we are sure, for the space given to news and themes relating to

India and China. Matters which come so near to the homes of our people are so intimately related to the progress of the kingdom of Christ and are everywhere the engrossing subjects of thought must claim the first place in our columns. While praying for our imperilled missionaries and their converts, let us not forget the many anxious hearts at home who are bearing the heavy burdens which love imposes.

The Boston Daily Transcript says in its religious news columns in the Saturday edition: "The Pacific, which is the religious organ of the Pacific Coast Congregationalists, asks for the gift of a few thousand dollars for endowment, which would enable the paper to meet the needs of the times on that coast. The call should be quickly responded to, for such an able and increasingly interesting religious paper should be widely circulated." If this item could be brought to the notice of our people who prefer church papers published in the East, some of them, perhaps, might become convinced that there is something in The Pacific worth their attention.

It has resulted as The Pacific predicted. Already many of the Presbyterians on the Pacific Coast have come to realize that their denominational interests will suffer without a church paper. A circular letter has been sent forth by the Rev. Mr. Lamont, pastor at Marysville, proposing the issuance of a paper if one thousand subscriptions are pledged by the first of September. Its publication will be commenced at Marysville, and later it will be moved to San Francisco. The Occident list has been transferred to the Interior of Chicago, and Mr. John M. Forsyth, manager of the Occident for several years, is working energetically as the Coast representative of the Interior. This will make it more difficult to establish a new paper. But it can be done if the Presbyterians realize the real need for it. But it would have been far better to have continued the Occident. Considerable money will be sunk now before a creditable paper is established.

Prof. F. H. Foster returned from his European trip Saturday last. He is enthusiastic—as much so as a theological professor can afford to be—over everything. Both in the East and in England his reception was most cordial. "Everything," he says, "was as good as I anticipated, except what was better." With all their happy memories, however, both he and Mr. Hatch seem to have returned better Californians, better Congregationalists, and doubtless better Christians than before.

Rev. C. R. Brown occupied his own pulpit for the first time since his vacation. Oakland is glad to see him back.

The Bystander.

In Paris.

The Bystander was in Paris not long ago and visited the Exposition. He was disappointed in the display, and found the people more interested in the midway attractions than the mechanical and artistic departments.

The Bystander thinks such an exposition unsatisfactory at the best. The Paris affair is not the best, however, nor is it second best. It may not be a fake, but it is, to say the least, a disappointment. The upper circles of Paris do not particularly like such an exposition, which draws all sorts and conditions of men from everywhere. They prefer their own beautiful Paris—the fairest, gayest city in the world. The French people have built into the architecture, customs and morals of Paris their national traits. Paris is France and always worth seeing.

Some Tourists.

The Bystander has been watching the manners of tourists, especially as they are seen in the art galleries of Europe. They may be divided into the following classes: The *blasé*, the interested, the indifferent, the obtuse, and the remarkably intelligent. Among them you will find the belated student—she of America who, late in life, is struggling to make up lost time by working up an interest in painting and architecture, and makes friends with Raphael, Titian and Finteretto.

There is the old gentleman who, by the way, is a careful observer. Old men are better travelers than young men. When a man gets about so far in years he wishes to measure, weigh and analyze everything, inquires into its origin, history and age.

The Bystander had a strange experience in the Roman Forum. A venerable gentleman of good parts asked him to conduct him through this great ruin and point out to him places and monuments of interest. The Bystander armed himself with guide books and an air of superior wisdom and started in. The trouble was that his venerable friend presumed that he, the Bystander, knew nothing about the subject, and that he, the venerable gentleman, knew it all. There was, consequently, a violent controversy from the Capitol Hill to the Arch of Titus.

Then, there is the enraptured female who sees the work of a master in every painting and who raves over pictures not worth the boards they are painted on. But the fellow who has my sympathy is this woman's husband, who would rather read up the American stock market than his red-covered Baedeker, and who turns away from the masterpieces with a bored feeling and a look of disdain and distress. European guides are what we Americans call "characters." They tell their story with impressive eloquence, are sensi-

tive, don't like to answer questions, and are usually in league with a filigree or lace establishment where the longsuffering tourist is expected to spend his loose change. After all, travelers get out of Europe what they take to Europe, but they must not travel with the idea that "you are so clever, and everybody else is so funny."

Effect of European Travel on American Manners.

In his book, called "The Innocents Abroad," Mark Twain makes the observation: "The gentle reader will never, never know what a consummate ass he can become until he goes abroad." If he does not recognize this in himself he can not be blind to it in others. It is true that in many things Americans can very properly improve their language and habits by a European tour. They will find to their profit that they do not know it all. Their accent and pronunciation will be trimmed up, and in other respects they will receive valuable reminders of good taste. But upon their return they must not destroy good English with poor French. The Bystander has heard of some members of the aristocracy who, having spent some weeks abroad, recorded their names in a hotel register after this fashion:

"J. Ellsworth Baker, *tout de suite de France, place de naissance Amerique, destination la Grand Bretagne.*"

It is not good taste for Americans to return and ape European manners by wearing a King Immanuel ram's horn mustache and speaking of Paris as Pairree.

The Argonaut and John Ruskin.

The Bystander will close these rambling observations with a comment upon an article written in Florence by one of the editors of the Argonaut, criticising John Ruskin. The writer finds fault, and not without reason, with the "faddists" who worship Botticelli and Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo Lippi and others. After flaying these adorers who probably know as much about these particular artists as our temporary Florentine of the Argonaut, he proceeds to criticise John Ruskin, to whom he refers in these words: "From my attempts to read Ruskin I always believed that his mind was affected. My belief was verified when, some years ago, he went crazy and remained so till his death." This is brutal, if not brilliant, but here is another candid reflection: "That Ruskin for half a century poured forth a stream of art gabble; that he was believed by the faddists to be an art prophet; that he was regarded as one inspired; and that finally it was discovered that the man was moonblind and mad—probably had been mad for many decades of moons—is not this a biting commentary on the value of art criticism?" The Bystander would add the query, Is not this a biting commentary on the ignorance of an American journalist who is "staying" in Florence a few days? John Ruskin is the greatest art critic England has produced, and his criticisms have lighted up every cathedral in Europe, and illumined with fine discrimination every picture in the galleries of the Old World. Of all men Ruskin is not a faddist nor a fool, but an interpreter, a critic, a keen and scholarly observer. The Bystander does not believe such castigations of a great man, who has just passed away, are worthy the standards hitherto set by our respected Argonaut.

How They Do in London.

London is the hub; everything else is felloe or spoke. They seldom change their customs in London—things go on about as they did years ago. The Bystander enjoyed the bus and found the driver affable and talkative. He is a good guide. These busses are never overcrowded. When you pay for a seat, it is not expected that you should stand. When people ride in London they sit down. In Paris tickets are sold at certain stations and you are admitted to the bus according to your number. The great American hog—he who pushes aside weak men, women and children and leaps into the best seats—is made to take his turn. Most men are polite, except where they are unknown; but the man who is a Chesterfield in a drawing room and a bear in a street car is not a gentleman.

The Bystander often studies human nature in San Francisco cars, but the best exhibition was recently witnessed in the fiery temper of an English woman who, with a number of children, boarded a car in which nearly every seat was taken. Recalling the good custom of her native city, she challenged the conductor's right to take her fare, saying, "They don't do such things in London." She threatened to report the conductor—that receptacle of everybody's ill temper—when a meek-looking female in the corner laughed. The woman from London turned upon her and threatened to "report" her, too, at which the Bystander smiled, but not visibly. He was wise enough to smile on the inside. By this time the woman's husband—she in the corner—was awakened, who, with the help of every other woman in the car, engaged in a heavy artillery fire, in the midst of which the Bystander escaped with the conviction that it is as difficult to force English customs upon America as it is to force American customs on England.

Rev. J. D. Kingsbury, D.D., one of the directors of the C. H. M. S., brought sunshine to the Congregational Headquarters on Monday. It was but a glimpse we had of him, for he left for the north on Tuesday morning.

The Lower Gains in Life.

A Sermon by Charles Reynolds Brown.

"Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward" (Matt. vi: 2).

There are few deeds so foolish or so wicked but that they bring some sort of satisfaction to the man who does them. It is a pathetic fact. If such deeds, all and always, meant a total loss, we should have stronger hope that men would speedily cease being foolish and wicked. And even that which is fairly good in some regards becomes the enemy of the best, because souls are content to rest in it. The lower gains are hostile to the higher because small minds are satisfied and refuse to press on.

Jesus, as a sound and intelligent observer of human nature, saw this in the unworthy methods of charity and devotion. Men were doing good to be seen of men. When they did a good deed they sounded a trumpet before them. When they sent half-tons of coal to poor widows they hired bands to march ahead, playing "Hail to the Chief." The cart was decorated with banners, proclaiming the fact that "the generous Mr. A. is again sending coal to the poor."

It was not a worthless action—the widow got the coal. It was not altogether bad—a man would better use his money in showy charity than in corrupt dissipation. It is much better every way to be proud of doing good than to plume oneself on doing wrong after the fashion of some. And it gained for the giver the praise of certain neighbors. It gave him a feeling of personal importance and of comfortable self-regard. These were gains of a certain sort. As Jesus said, with a touch of mingled irony and sadness, "They have their reward."

There were other men who had such a distorted notion of letting their light shine before other men that they loved to pray standing on the street corners. They made such long prayers that many and vain repetitions were needed to keep them in material. They stood at the corner of Market and Third streets, and prayed to be seen of the many men who pass that busy point. They prayed on until people said, "See the wonderful devotion of those men; they have been praying thirty-five minutes by the clock on the Chronicle building without ever opening their eyes."

Their action was not totally bad. It is better for a man to stand there and pray to be seen of men than to stand there and swear to be heard of men. He would better engage in pious repetitions for thirty-five minutes than to enter one of the rumshops near by and spend the same amount of time drinking fiery stuff. And a certain sort of indiscriminating folk are touched by such extraordinary displays of devotion. The claim is lightly made, "It shows they are in earnest." All this gave satisfaction to the men who were putting their piety on exhibition. As Jesus said when he witnessed the showy and lengthy praying, "They have their reward."

The pity of it was that they were entirely satisfied with these lower gains and declined the higher. They were taking that which is immediate and visible; they were losing that which lies farther on, the unseen and eternal. Jesus said to them, "Ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven." The gains they sought for their charity and devotion, the praise of men, their personal complacency, and the like, were all in—there was nothing more forthcoming. They had their reward.

Christ urged upon them a form of charity which would be like the action of the two hands, where the right hand does not know what the left hand doeth. It was not secrecy in charity at which Jesus aimed—few forms of benevolence can be carried on entirely in the dark. It was the quiet, unconscious habit of doing good. When I am eating my dinner, or writing a letter, or dressing myself, my right hand is not conscious of what my left hand does. Neither hand blows a trumpet to attract the attention of the other to what it is doing. It would destroy their usefulness if either began to look across at the other. Each one goes about its business with that perfect unconcern that belongs to healthy life bent on some worthy end. That was the style of doing good that Christ commended. It was unobtrusive, habitual, wholesomely unaware of its special merits, and joyously occupied with the service in hand. These people also have their reward, and it is one which the Father who seeth in secret bestows—it lies in the maturing of a character like his own, and in conveying blessings that bring no humiliating sorrow therewith, as showy charity always must.

The same principle holds in prayer. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet and shut the door, and pray to thy Father who seeth in secret." It seems to condemn all public prayer. And yet this would be a loss. For more than twenty years the former pastor of this church prayed for you in this pulpit. How many times his prayers refreshed, comforted and uplifted you! He came to your homes when you were sick, when death had come, or when there was a marriage-feast and the home was filled with joy to the brim, and upon all those occasions he prayed with you. Upon how many thousands of ears and hearts have the reverent tones of his prayer fallen with benefit! It would have been a loss if he had done all this praying secretly yonder in his closet.

Jesus himself did not always enter into his closet and shut the door when he prayed. He went up into the Mount of Transfiguration with three disciples, and they tell us that as

he prayed they saw his face change and the fashion of his countenance was altered. He knelt in the Garden and prayed that long, beautiful prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John which was overheard by the eleven He was once praying in a certain place, apparently surrounded by friends, and when he finished they came to him, moved by what they had heard, saying, "Lord, teach us to pray." The prayers that ushered in the day of Pentecost were not offered from individual closets, but by the one hundred and twenty assembled in one place. It is plain, therefore, from the example of Jesus and of his immediate followers, and from the practical benefits involved, that we are not shut up to secret prayer alone.

Prayer, like the action of the two hands, like the doing of good deeds, is to be the natural, spontaneous action of the real man. The man who prayed at Third and Market streets was thinking more of men and of himself than of God. It was not unstudied, whole-souled communion with the Father. He was peeping through half-closed eyes to see if the passing crowds were noticing his remarkable piety. In using his vain repetitions to make the prayer long, he also had one eye on the Chronicle clock to see if he was actually breaking the record in holding on for thirty-five minutes. That state of mind would defeat all the higher gains in prayer. It must be the sincere, absorbed, unstudied action of the man's soul looking to the Father who seeth in secret. It is such prayer that the Father rewards openly. Thus Christ censured the conspicuous habits of devotion because they prevented the higher and richer satisfactions to be found in real communion with God.

Jesus here laid bare one reason why we do not make more progress. The best and even the good is often neglected because of the immediate delight to be found in that which is not half bad. We are here this morning, for example, worshipping the Father, studying his Word, deepening our sense of Christian fellowship through meeting together. Many men, however, are using this day, appointed to serve the moral and spiritual values, in other and lower ways. These may not be wicked ways—the men are not carousing, swearing or gambling. They are playing golf, taking a tramp through the hills, riding the bicycles along country lanes, or lounging at home. They insist that they must rest, they want the open air, and they will not enter the church.

The Sabbath was made for man and for that part of the man which suffers neglect the other six days. It ought to mean for men engrossed in business all the week, rest, open air, delightful association with loved ones seen all too little in many of our city homes. But the day is meant also for the moral and spiritual nature, left unfed or on short rations during the six busy days. For their bodies, men seek rest and the outdoors; for their minds, relaxation and pleasure; but if that which was made in the likeness and image of God is passed by, the lower gains are again defeating the higher. The call of the church to higher forms of aspiration, the moral stimulus of honest worship, the instruction in the truth and grace of Jesus Christ, the enriching fellowship with right-minded, pure-hearted men and women—all these higher gains can not be passed without unspeakable loss.

The Psalmist was once reviewing the story of the petulant children of Israel, who said they were tired of heaven's manna, and insisted on a diet akin to the flesh pots of Egypt. They finally secured what they asked. And then he makes the sober comment, "He gave them their request but sent leanness into their souls." Their mouths were filled with meat as a result of their childish unwillingness to follow God's wish for them, but a starved and stunted spiritual life was the accompanying result. The Sabbath and other means of finer, fuller life may be diverted to such uses as to give us the request of the surface nature, but a lack of moral vigor, an impotence for Christian service, a feebleness in those qualities that are to endure, will be the sorry offset. Those who thus discount the future, have their present reward, but they have little to look for in the gracious disclosures of the Father who seeth in secret.

We find a similar result in the intense and almost exclusive absorption of many a man in making money. He so exhausts his powers during the six days by strenuous attention to business early and late, as to unfit himself for anything but idleness on Sunday. He finds little time for the finer sort of reading and little time for home life—the average boy does not begin to see as much of his father in personal companionship as would be for the advantage of both father and boy. As he bends his entire energy to money-making, he tells us there is nothing else for it. The style of living has advanced, not only for the rich, but for those in moderate circumstances. People may pinch themselves in certain lines, so they cannot afford to give much to religion, charity, books, or pictures, but they must have a telephone, and two or three daily papers and costly amusements; they must live in a pretentious house and dress with expensive correctness in the latest styles. The scale of living is not fixed with selfish intent, but often thoughtlessly and by custom, women drive their husbands out of church, out of the higher, finer values by the pressure they put upon them in the maintenance of the establishment that is set up. The man works so much to make a living that he has not time nor strength to make a life.

The result is that they have a certain reward. The rank and file of people in America live more expensively than those in similar stations in any country in the world. They eat more, drink more, dress more, have larger houses and costlier amusements. Every traveler in Europe is impressed with the greater simplicity on the part of the many. Over there they have learned somehow to make life worth living at much less cost.

The strenuous demand to keep up this expenditure has also developed a keen, resolute, energetic type of business man in America. Our men are sending their manufactures everywhere; they are taking contracts in electric construction and other lines the whole world round. The five medals offered for inventions at the last Paris Exposition were all brought home by Americans. Young America has made a business reputation for himself even in London. This business ability, which is the reward of our habits, is known and read of all men. It is said that if you see two Frenchmen conversing on an Atlantic steamer the chances are they are talking of literature, art, or the drama. Two Germans will be talking of music, or of their families; two Englishmen of home politics, the colonies, or some sort of sport. Two Americans will be talking business and discussing fresh schemes for gain. Like all epigrammatic generalizations, this is not altogether fair, but it points to our intense preoccupation with money getting.

We have our reward in that ours is the richest nation on earth and the per capita holdings of wealth astonish the people of other lands. But higher gains are being sacrificed. The government of our cities is shamefully inefficient where it is not openly corrupt. The best men have not time nor strength to attend to it—they must go to their farms, their merchandise, and make money for the wives they have married, so they cannot come. The city affairs are left to be furnished with guests from the highways and hedges, and a set of officials who are morally blind, lame and halt is a common result.

The charities are largely administered by women. They would be glad of the co-operation of the men; they need their commercial wisdom and their administrative ability. The development of a better set of institutions waits for increased attention from our sagacious men. They tell us that they cannot give time to these tasks without neglecting their business. But if we could adopt more modest standards of living, we could afford to do less business and use the reserve ability in lines of effort that belong to a mature civilization. The nobler forms of national life in any country are marked by a greater willingness to live modestly that time and means may be devoted to the cultivation of mind and heart, to music, to study, to domestic happiness, to good government, to philanthropy, to all that belongs to that whole range of interests included in the higher life of man. To slight these for the sake of amassing huge fortunes that exceed all one's necessities becomes the foolish choice of a lower gain.

Sometimes the satisfaction with cheap gains takes yet uglier form. The saloon-keeper will discount his standing in society, the moral satisfaction a man should find in his occupation, and the whole future of his children for cash down. The rum business pays large dividends and those who follow it have their rewards. The man who stoops to a certain form of vice will purchase an evening's pleasure, as he calls it, at the cost of the banishment of a daughter from her home, from decent society, from all hope of the pure love of a husband and the joys of honest motherhood. He has his reward in an unholy gratification, but how ugly it looks in the light of the loss involved! The gambler who lives a hard, selfish life, taking advantage of the weakness and foolishness of victims, may amass a fortune as his reward. But hold the gains of all these lives beside what manhood ought to be and can be with the help of God, and what tragedies they are!

I once saw these lower satisfactions blinding the eyes to higher gains in a way both amusing and pathetic. It was on the river Rhine upon the steamer that plies between Cologne and Mavence. Near me on deck was an American family—father, mother, son and daughter. They had never been in Europe before. We had only gotten fairly started from Cologne when they began to wish for ice cream, as the day was warm. They summoned the waiters, who informed them that there was no ice cream to be had. Then followed a heated discussion as to the lack of enterprise in having a steamer on the Rhine without ice cream. The waiters were finally called again, and it was insisted that they should make some ice cream to order. They were busy preparing dinner and this order was refused. Further heated discussion followed, to the manifest annoyance of fellow-passengers sitting near. Repeated visits to the saloon were made; guide books were thrown aside; angry discontent reigned; and the expressions of disgust became strong and fervent.

All the while we were passing the most magnicent scenery the Rhine affords. We were passing the Drachenfels and other spots connected with the "Nibelungen Leid," made immortal everywhere through German opera. We were passing the tower that gave us "Wacht am Rhein." We were passing the Lorelei, Coblentz, with its bridge of boats, Bingen with its battlefield, and other places woven vitally into German history. Natural beauty, legend, sentiment and history all com-

bine to make it one of the most attractive rivers in the world. These friends rode indifferently through it all, throwing it a side glance now and then, but devoting the strength of their attention to grumbling over the shortcomings of the Germans in providing refreshments. They finally had their reward—about three in the afternoon the stewards prepared some ice cream, and down they trooped to spend the remainder of the voyage in tickling their palates with the frozen milk, while the glories of the Rhine were forgotten.

I wish this were the only family in America standing in the presence of a great opportunity but foolishly choosing the lower satisfactions. The course of any individual life ought to be a finer, fairer and more inspiring voyage than that upon the Rhine. It is an unspeakable loss where the nobler interests are neglected for the sake of tickling the palate. How the easy gratifications that entirely occupy some of our fellows fade out when examined in the light of our Christian privileges! The man who becomes a personal follower of Jesus Christ is a fellow-passenger with the men and women who have made the great periods of history sublime. He embarks for an eternal voyage upon that river whose banks hold the trees of life bearing their twelve manner of fruit, and whose streams are to make glad the city of God.

The various moral processes seemed to climax around the cross of Christ. The mercy of God there came to its supreme manifestation in history. The clinging, tender faithfulness of woman is there in the person of Mary, when other disciples were betraying, denying and doubting their Lord. The horrid hate and bigotry of mistaken religionists is there seen at its full height in the Pharisees. One other group of figures is made up of Roman soldiers casting lots for the clothes of the Master. At the very foot of the cross, in the presence of the work of divine redemption, men in brutal selfish indifference are more interested in the clothes than in the words, the life, the death of the Savior! Instead of being adoring witnesses and glad recipients of the mercy offered, they are absorbed in material gains, gambling together for the seamless robe. They had their reward! Some one of them secured it and went home that much richer. But at what a loss! And in the world about us, some people, while not exactly crucifying Christ, nor betraying him by actual bargain and sale, are coldly and indifferently gambling for the robes of a Christian civilization, heedless of the fact that they are not sharing in the blessings of the great redemption.

The lower gains are ever a misfortune to those who lack strength of mind to refuse them for the sake of the higher. A bird in the hand may be worth two in the bush; it is not worth ten. It is not worth two, if those richer gains are actually promised to us by the Father who has them in his holy keeping. The Christian life indeed finds a certain joy in investing itself in the Father's service, not knowing just what it will receive. Vice, selfishness, ungodliness, have their immediate reward; the returns are soon in, and no farther satisfaction is to follow. But for the Christian steadily investing his life in a service whose results stretch on into the eternal years, it doth not yet appear what the reward will be. The Father who seeth the secret processes of spiritual achievement will in his own good way reward us openly.

Moral Worth, Not Miracles.

By Morgan P Jones.

In the kingdom of God blessedness rests on moral worth and not on miracles.

When the seventy, commissioned by Christ to go before him into various cities, returned, they were greatly elated over their success. "Lord, even the devils are subject to us in thy name," said they. This to them was the highest possible success; but Christ, who always had a right understanding of things, said, "In this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." Christ's denunciation of those whom he foresaw would one day say to him, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils?" shows that miracle working is not the thing to be valued most. Indeed, the rejection of these miracle-workers teaches that extraordinary gifts are sometimes possessed by people whose moral character is anything but commendable. If the good man can work miracles, if the godly man is also unusually brilliant, all the better so far as the results of his labors are concerned. But Christ nowhere makes brilliancy or sensationalism the ground of his approval.

Those who to-day lay so much stress on the casting out of the devils of intemperance and kindred evils should remember this. There is a tendency to make reform, or the reformatory spirit the supreme virtue. Some good people say that if they had to make a choice between the church and a temperance organization, or between the church and a beneficiary society they would not hesitate to choose the latter. Temperance is a grand thing in its place, and so is beneficence. But Christ did not give the first place to the casting out of devils, or even to works of charity, as such. He gave the first place to goodness, for that is the meaning of having one's name written in heaven.

It, doubtless, would be a great disappointment to a person who has been all his lifetime engaged in the work of casting out devils of intemperance and kindred evils to find himself rejected at the last by Christ; and yet the re-

jection of those who said, "Lord, Lord," etc., shows that such a thing is possible. Christ did not come into the world to perform miracles, but to reveal the love and power of God. True, he did perform miracles, but they were always subservient to his other work. Christ did not come to preach temperance or beneficence apart from the gospel. He came to establish God's kingdom on the earth. He came to organize a church whose work should be not to promote temperance and beneficence alone, but every good work. Christianity demands temperance in all things, activities as well as habits. Christianity demands that the poor, the sick and the needy shall be cared for, because they are human and not because they are members of some secret order or fraternity.

In these days of public reform, when the multiplicity of reformatory and benevolent organizations scarcely leave any people or time to carry on the work of the church, there is a great temptation for those who have time or inclination for silent ministries to think that they are of little value in life. The impression is so general, also, that people are doing something great when they belong to five or six organizations that we do not wonder that some silent workers feel discouraged. But for the encouragement of such we would say that God does not measure one's usefulness by the number of societies to which he may belong. Nor does he give credit for work done at the cost of neglecting one's soul or one's church. Christ did not say, "Blessed is the society that builds a fountain," but "Whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

We do not say that no good is done through the multiplicity of organization. Attention is only called to the fact that many people seem to think that an organization is the only channel through which good may be done. John the Baptist belonged to no reformatory organization, but he was a great reformer. The Pharisees belonged to what they thought the best organization on earth and they instituted no reforms. Cornelius the centurion was not a member of a board of charities; and yet an angel of God said to him, "Thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God."

The craze for publicity is the curse of this age. The attention paid to miracle-workers is distracting the minds of many from Christ. The fact that character and not miracles is the ground of God's approval is being lost sight of. Hence, the necessity to emphasize such words as, "Many that are first shall be last, and many that are last shall be first"; "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word;" "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." Let us remember that no one who does his duty is to be despised; that no service, however small and mean, is to be overlooked. Unknown heroes have performed immortal deeds. Drudgery done in the name of Christ rises to the dignity of moral excellence. The nobodies of earth who let their little lights shine, and who scatter rays of sunshine in their limited circles, are heroes in heaven. Christ glorifies the commonplace and monotonous with the touch of sympathy and words of love.

Kent, Ohio.

Great Britain and India.

If the Boxers should be able to expel foreigners from China it is not unlikely that a similar movement might be inaugurated in India against the British. Judge Tachereau of the Supreme Court of Canada says there is a feeling of intense resentment in India against British domination. If this feeling should take the form of a rising against British authority, "humanity" would indeed be "staggered." India is held in subjection by a British army not exceeding 70,000 men, in addition to a large native force. Whether the latter would be loyal in the event of an uprising is a matter of considerable doubt. If the natives were not divided into castes, which will not co-operate with one another, the British could scarcely maintain their positions as masters of 300,000,000 disaffected people. A little less than half a century ago the natives revolted and attempted to throw off the British yoke. There were scenes of horror then which the world will never forget, and the revolt was subdued only after hard fighting, which taxed the resources of Great Britain to the utmost. A movement in India similar to that of the Boxers in China would give Great Britain a great deal of trouble at this time, when the English army in India has been drawn upon to supply troops for the campaign in South Africa, and when the loyalty of the native troops cannot be relied upon. It is significant that the troops which are now being sent from India to China are native regiments. Great Britain cannot afford to reduce the number of British troops in the Indian Empire, for her power in India, as Judge Tachereau says, is held by a very slender thread, and the natives are even now ripe for a revolt. They believe the British are responsible for the plagues and famines with which their country is afflicted. "If they were united," declares Judge Tachereau, "they could with ease sweep the British into the sea."—[Baltimore Sun.

The Situation in China.

By A. P. Peck, M.D., Pang C'huang.

Editor Pacific: Returning to the Coast, after an absence of months, during which time most unexpected and momentous events have transpired in North China, I can only respond to your request for a *resume* of the present situation in our North China Mission in a few words, by saying that, in outward and organized form, it would seem to be almost annihilated.

Most if not all of the buildings in connection with the seven stations of our mission are destroyed. The only one which we can reasonably hope has been spared is Kalgan, the most northern one, and as we have no news at all from there, it is only a hope.

As to the missionaries on the field, some who were in Peking and Paoting-fu were shut in and unable to escape to a seaport.

With regard to the latter, at this writing, dispatches through Chinese sources announce a massacre of all foreigners left there.

If this is true, the victims belonging to our mission there are Mr. Pitkin and the Misses Gould and Morrill. So far as we know these are the only martyrs among our own missionaries. There is reason to hope that there has been no general massacre in Peking. There may be authentic news in the daily telegrams before these lines can be printed, but at present we are re-assured by this cablegram just received from Dr. H. D. Porter, sent from Chefoo: "Peking; alive." His information, I think, was obtained from one of our Christian young men, a student in our college, who, at the risk of his life, entered Peking and tried to get a message to our beleaguered friends there. He seems to have been unsuccessful in getting access to them, but learned the fact that they were still alive. We must expect some casualties among them, from wounds or disease, and the privation and distress in that filthy city, crowded in as they were at the most unhealthful season, must have been very great.

What of the Outlook.

It is not too early to begin to think of the future. Will the great constituency of the American Board be willing to drop the work, willing to say to the native church in China, which is enduring such a fearful persecution, we must give up trying to help you? Of course not; the mere statement of such a proposition would be enough to raise an indignant protest.

Will there not be a great wave of enthusiasm sweeping through this country for the recovery of our lost ground there, placing the means for the re-building of our ruined colleges and chapels and hospitals in the bands of the Board? I hope there will, without reference to the question of indemnity to be obtained from the Chinese government. This will be a long time coming, if ever, but it will not be long before a beginning can be made in a small way to show our determination and to carry help and comfort to our distressed fellow-Christians.

I have already waiting here at San Francisco a little stock of hardware, to be used in the repair of our premises at Tientsin, which I hope are not entirely destroyed, and a small stock of instruments and drugs, not enough to replace those which are lost, but the opportunity will come before we know it, and I fear before we are prepared for it, to make at least a beginning, and while it would not be possible as things are just now for me to return, I believe that before long something can be done at Tientsin, and those who have been enduring the perils and hardships of this overturning should come back to America for recuperation, if their lives are spared. So I hope that the small provision made by the Board, as noted above for the forward movement, will be supplemented very generously, and permission soon be given for the advance.

I look to see a great movement toward Christianity soon in China. The anti-foreign crusade does not involve the mass of the people and the reaction will bring us a large opportunity. It would be a bold prophet who would predict the political outcome, but whatever the form of government may be the people will remain.

And among these millions of China there are many who long for peace, many who are kindly disposed toward foreigners, having been helped by them in famine relief and in the mission hospitals; many who have learned to love and respect their Christian neighbors, recognizing the improvement in life and character which their Christianity has made.

The North China Mission has not been annihilated and our work in the past is not wasted. The question is, Are we ready for our new opportunities?

With apologies for the personal and unconventional character of these hasty lines,

Faithfully yours, *A. P. Peck*, M.D.

A Correction.

Editor of the Pacific: Will you kindly permit me to correct an error or an omission in the article, "The Second Coming of Christ," published in The Pacific of July 26th. In the next to the last paragraph, where it reads, "Christ plainly distinguished between," etc., it should read, "Christ plainly distinguishes between the events preceding and coincident with the destruction of Jerusalem, and those preceding and accompanying his second advent."

And in the same paragraph, further on, where it reads, "Then the events which He narrates," etc., it should read, "Then the

events which He narrates as happening subsequent to this occurred—the fulfilling of the time of the Gentiles—will take place," etc.

J. A. Hankey.

Victor Hugo as a Preacher.

Thomas Doggett, D.D.

It is not surprising that ministers should find much in Victor Hugo's writings to illustrate their sermons and give emphasis to the essential truths of Christianity. Nor is it surprising that some, who minister to congregations in which are large numbers who are familiar with modern literature, should frequently take some of these great moral and intellectual productions as furnishing subject matter for the vivid enforcement of vital and eternal verities. The wonder is that it is not oftener done. The Bible is not belittled when the living characters of a Christian novelist are used to throw an intenser light upon the sacred page. The facts of history and the incidents of common life, which the daily press presents, are drawn upon as a matter of course to illustrate the Psalms and Prophets and Gospels and Epistles, and no objection is made; and why not the works of one whom God has endowed with more than common insight into life and character, and with more than an ordinary power to set forth what human life and character should be? As we find "sermons in stones," why not in the great works of fiction?

I do not know a single one of the eternal truths of the Christian religion, on which Victor Hugo has not cast some light, either by elaborate treatment of a character or by a line or a single word.

He pleasantly tells us of his first reading of the Bible, how as he and his brothers were playing in an attic, they saw on the top of a shelf an "inaccessible book." They managed, however, to take it down "and opened it on their knees." Then they read, and "from the very first word it appeared to us so sweet, that forgetting our play we gave ourselves up to reading. We read all the morning of Joseph and Ruth and the Good Samaritan, and were more and more charmed. In the evening we read it again; we were like children who have in their hands a bird of the skies, who laugh and wonder and stroke its plumes." Thirty years after, as he saw his two daughters poring over that Book, he said, "From this Book one is learning to read, another to think." Again he says, "In this Holy Book there is a salvation so profound that a God was needed to dictate it." "Days," he speaks of, "when the open Bible dazzled the world." Though he writes as a poet, he always writes as a believer, and is ever showing his reverence and love for the inspired Word. In more than twenty of his works he makes reference to the "august text, where hearts reading with fervor drink in truth, beauty, righteousness."

With him life is no playground; it is a place of combat between good and evil. It is the duty of all to side with virtue against vice, for all are free. Duty is a divine word. "Duty is a God that will have no atheist."

God alone is the sure oracle; faith that takes him at his word is the torch that never goes out and always guides right. Hope comes with faith. "Hope, child, to-morrow and then to-morrow still. Believe in the future and hope. Every time the sun rises, let us be there to pray, as God is there to bless." "We know his mercy; he is the God of Calvary."

What God wants is love. "To adore, that is at once to love, and to admire. As God is infinitely above man, how shall this infinite distance be overcome?" One day, the poet says, a phantom met him and offered to bridge over this separating abyss. "What is thy name?" He replies, "My name is Prayer." "To bring by thought the infinitely low in contact with the infinitely high, that is prayer." "The sheep comes when her lamb calls her; I called the Lord and the Lord came."

"If men seek pleasure only, they find joys without happiness, sorrows without consolation. Happiness leaves in my soul regret, but impure pleasure, thou leavest remorse."

Nothing better has been said of immortality than "without it nature would be a mournful and cowardly imposture. Life would not be worthy of God who gives it, nor of man who receives it." At the tomb of Balzac, he said, "I will not cease repeating it; no, it is not night, it is light; it is not the end, it is the beginning; it is not nothingness, it is eternity." At the foot of the coffin of a young girl he said, "Emily has gone to seek supreme serenity above. She has gone—youth to eternity, beauty to the ideal, hope to certitude, love to the infinite, the pearl to the ocean, the spirit to God."

They who have fed on Victor Hugo have no relish for the morbid moral anatomy and the irreligious realism of most of the novelists of our day. Victor Hugo preaches; would that there were more such preachers!—[New York Evangelist.

The August Century.—From first to last it is a number which lures the reader on. Once begun, it is hard to stop. Specially timely is the first installment of John Burrough's account of the recent scientific expedition to Alaska and Behring Sea; also Maurice Thompson's breezy paper entitled, "In the Woods with the Bow"; and the beautifully colored illustrations of "The Treasures of the New York Aquarium." Others deserving mention are—well, to mention them would be to go through the magazine. Read it.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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Home Secretary.....Mrs. W. J. Wilcox
576 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....Young Ladies' Branch
Miss Grace Goodhue, 1722 Geary Street.

Commerce and Missions.

Robert Moffat said that merchants and manufacturers owed missionaries a vote of thanks. Consuls say that wherever missionaries have gone and preached the gospel it is easier to sell goods. General Sickles said the United States could well afford to pay a salary to the missionaries for the secular advantages they secured to us.

It is claimed that for every missionary that goes out to a savage country a trade worth $50,000 a year is created with the home country. Savages may have the raw materials in great abundance; they do not know their value or how to profit by them. Less than a century ago the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands had no exports or imports. Ships were afraid to go near them. Now their imports and exports are worth fifteen million dollars a year. The profits on this commerce in a single year would pay for all it has cost to evangelize these islands. The commerce of the South Sea Islands is worth twenty millions a year. These islands export sugar, coffee, arrowroot, timber, beef, hides. A savage is a being with few and simple wants; he creates little and consumes little. Professor Drummond saw a savage buried. All his possessions were put into the grave with him. These consisted of a pipe, a rough knife, a mud-bowl, his bows and arrows. He stated that one stick, pointed, makes the savage a spear, two sticks rubbed together make him a fire, fifty sticks tied together make him a house, the bark he peels from them makes his clothes, the fruits which hang on them form his food. Christianized natives build homes to live in; they purchase clothing, sewing machines, cabinet organs; they make roads, build bridges; they establish newspapers; they demand all the conveniences of civilized life.

When Moffat began his work South Africa had no commerce. In a few years the people among whom he labored imported goods worth a million dollars a year. They wanted books, watches, plows, wagons, reapers and flouring-mills. An American firm sent five hundred plows in one consignment to Natal. When Uganda was opened the currency used was a kind of cloth made in the United States and known as mericani. Stanley estimates that the commerce of the Congo Valley will be worth $300,000,000 a year to the markets of the world.

Visitors in Tacoma, Seattle, Vancouver and San Francisco are astonished at the trade with the Orient. Every ship is loaded to its utmost capacity. China and Japan take our flour, cotton goods, steel rails, locomotives, lamps, coal oil, butter, canned foods. The profits on this commerce would pay the salaries of all the missionaries in those lands. One who knew whereof he affirmed said that the missionary enterprise is incomparably the most effective agency that has ever been used to further the commercial interests of mankind. For every dollar we invest in missions two dollars come back to buy products for the support of the missionary and for the people among whom he lives. Our missionaries in the far East live in houses built of timber grown on the Pacific Coast. They import much of the food that they use; they introduce improved machinery of various kinds, and teach the people better methods of carrying on their work. In the Orphanage in India only American tools are used. The missionaries say that a boy will do more work in half a day with American tools than he will with native tools in a week. The missionaries minister, not only to the spiritual needs of the people, but contribute largely to their material prosperity and well-being.—[Christian Evangelist.

Some time ago a Christian missionary was visiting a number of villages in the interior of India, and he received an invitation to go to one he had not yet entered. On his arrival the people gathered about him and begged him to send a missionary and a schoolmaster to teach them the "Sacred Book." "What do you know about my Sacred Book?" he asked. An old man sitting near answered, "I know a little," and began to repeat in Tamil the first two or three chapters of St. John's Gospel. To his surprise, also, he found that the man was totally blind. He asked how he could possibly have learned so much, when the man answered that a lad from some distance, who had been taught in a mission school, had for months been working in this village, and had brought with him a part of the New Testament. He had read this aloud so often that the blind man had learned it by heart, and none of the precious truths had been forgotten.

Civilization is not regeneration, although many think so. Civilization puts Christianity into the world; regeneration takes men out of the world. Civilization attempts to diffuse God's life and truth among men; regeneration separates men unto God. The one process is pervasive; the other elective. The one makes them better citizens of earth; the other makes them citizens of heaven.—[A. J. Gordon.

Two Notable India Famine Gifts.

Among the contributions received by the treasury of the New York Committee of One Hundred on India Famine Relief are two which deserve special mention. In the early part of the present month, the Chinese in attendance at the Reformed Presbyterian Mission, Oakland, California, undertook to earn money for the sufferers in India. They were, for the most part, the better class of house servants, temporarily out of employment, to whom even small sums were of considerable consequence. One of them was skilled in the repairing of cane-seated chairs. Accordingly, they asked their Mission teacher for a letter of commendation, and went courageously through the streets of Oakland soliciting work. The result was a remittance of $10.50 for the famine sufferers.

Somewhat later in the month, inmates of the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, united in a purely free-will offering for famine-stricken India. Out of pittances usually hoarded for personal indulgence, they contributed $28, forwarding the same to the Committee of One Hundred.

That, in the former case, the despised, isolated stranger in a strange land should show such profound and practical sympathy with far-off India's distress; and that, in the latter case, those whose wrong-doing had fixed such an awful barrier between them and the outside world, should self-denyingly unite for the rescue the starving in distant India, is a glorious proof of " a common humanity." It signifies that the capability of generous sentiment is always in all hearts, and that ennobling goodwill can survive all adverse influence.

In each instance, along with the thanks of the Committee, was returned the assurance that the gifts would be cabled to India, without expense to the fund; that each dollar would give a day's food to from thirty to fifty hungry persons, or buy three native blankets for the almost naked, or, with from one to two dollars more, aid an impoverished peasant farmer in re-seeding his fields.

Since no essential amelioration of the famine situation can possibly come until the harvests of next October and November are gathered, it were well that the cases which I have cited should inspire all of us to continued and generous gifts. *L. T. Chamberlain,*
Executive Chairman of Committee of One Hundred.

W. H. M. U. Missionary Items.

The Home Missionary for July is an inspiring number; largely taken up with papers and reported addresses at the recent annual meeting of the National Congregational Society. A few items may be culled for quotation here.

The financial report is cheering, showing a net gain in receipts during the year of $38,501.18. But complacency, resulting from this showing, is somewhat dashed by the statement that $108,544.82 of indebtedness is carried as a burden upon the current year.

Mrs. Caswell's report of the Woman's Department closes with these words:

"I have had fifteen years of experience in this work, and I want to say here, to-day, that the conviction strengthens with the years, that if these woman's organizations are to become a power for God in this land, we must, as officers and members, in heart and life, obey the word of God when he says:

" 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

"Would that I had the power to write in words of fire before every woman's organization, every church, every missionary board in the world these words:

" 'Seek ye first, not the interests of the organization, but the interests of the spiritual kingdom, and our God will intrust to you abundant means with which to carry on his purpose in the world.' "

The interest of those anniversary days centered upon Mr. Wirt and his Alaska mission perhaps more strongly than on any other point. It could not have been otherwise, as the audiences listened to his narration of the gold-seeking multitudes, of their needs, and of the efforts to supply these; of that heroic journey, 1,205 miles over the ice fields, alone, save for his dogs, before reaching civilization; and of that heroic family circle, which watched him start on his perilous journey and are watching still for his return. To many of his hearers he must have seemed the connecting link binding them to some of their own beloved.

Florida, notwithstanding its disastrous experiences, contributes an average of $1.40 per member to the work of home evangelization. The church for Cubans, which began in Tampa three or four years since, has spread itself across the channel and given birth to the First Congregational church of Havana, with a membership of eighty. Home missions in that locality have certainly paid.

Oklahoma, eleven years old, now holding a population of 360,000, has 76 Congregational churches, forty of them in communities otherwise unreached by organized Christian influences. One church is self-supporting and "yet there's more to follow."

Kansas—grass-hopper eaten, blizzard-swept, drought-consumed Kansas—anticipates the Golden State. Self-support is there, not merely a purpose, but an accomplished fact.

"The principle of giving precedes the method."—[Mrs. Armstrong.

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Rev. Burton M. Palmer.

The Forgiving Spirit. (Matt. xviii: 21-35).

LESSON VII. August 12, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"*Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.*" (Matt. vi: 12.)

Introduction.

Time: Autumn, A. D. 29.

Place: Capernaum.

Connection: Last Sunday's lesson from this same chapter closed with Christ's assurance that it is not the Father's will "that one of these little ones should perish." A secondary meaning of "little ones" seems at this point to have been in mind—the little ones as regards faith, the frail and faltering ones in the kingdom. The half-dozen verses between that lesson and this give Christ's teaching as to methods by which individual Christians and whole churches may often restore such brothers when they stumble. The gist of the teaching is that love, tact and united prayer will often, but not always, prevail to gain the brother. Our present lesson is a new paragraph, but may not imply a different day. It is noteworthy that this is the last paragraph recorded of all of Christ's teaching in Galilee. About a year and a half, all told, of his ministry had been given to Galilee, and this is the end of it—a dozen men are beginning to understand what forgiveness is; seventy are willing to go on his mission, and perhaps some hundreds believe in their hearts (cf. I Cor. xv: 6.)

Lesson Notes.

V. 21. "Then came Peter." A little talk with Jesus is an eye-opening thing. It had been so for John. When Jesus talked of humility with a little child in his arms it reminded John of a recent occasion when he himself had been arrogant, and with some misgiving he confessed it and became better (cf. Mark ix: 38-41). Now Jesus has just talked of ways to win back a brother who had sinned. This time it is Peter who seems to recall something that troubles him, and he comes back, after thinking it over, and wants to know how long one should keep on forgiving. "Until seven times?" Peter must have felt confident that he was setting a rather high mark, or he would not have specified a number at all just then. The scribes said that one might ask forgiveness only three times, and cited such passages as Amos i: 3 to support them. Peter had reached higher ground than this, but the mountain of love was before him; he had not yet scaled it.

V. 22. "Until seventy times seven." A striking way of saying, "Be forgiving to the end." Even one of the scribes who delighted in literal legalisms would have despaired of keeping tally with a rule like this. Before Peter would have a chance to forgive any one man five hundred times, his grudges would all be buried and he would be writing to his friends, "Have compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful" (cf. I Peter iii: 8).

V. 23. "Therefore": i. e., this parable is told to show the extent of heaven's forgiveness.

"King" and "his servants." All the officials who served under an Eastern monarch might be spoken of as his servants. Provincial governors and proconsuls would be "servants" of the Roman Emperor, as would also the men who bargained to collect the taxes of certain districts or cities. Such men did sometimes run behind in their accounts till their debts were enormous.

"Would take account." Not implying the end of stewardship and a final judgment, but a periodic reckoning to know how accounts stood.

V. 24. "Ten thousand talents." Probably meaning the silver talents, but even so equivalent to from ten to fourteen million dollars with us. It was a king's ransom, indeed, and the official who had squandered or lost that amount might well dread to be summoned for a reckoning.

V. 25. He was bankrupt. All his resources were what the king gave him, and these had been wasted. He could never atone for the criminal losses of the past; who can? Romans iii: 23.

"To be sold," etc. Christ refers to the grim Roman law without discussing its righteousness. But even the perfectly just law of God, if untempered by grace, would be a terrible thing for men to meet.

V. 26. "I will pay thee all." Empty promise! A ruined man owing ten million dollars will never make it up. It was not delay that he needed, but free forgiveness.

V. 27. Even an Oriental king sometimes had compassion. "How much more shall your Father!"

V. 28. "That servant went out." Back to his former official position.

"One of his fellow-servants." Some one under the same king. Some man owed this official a dozen or fifteen dollars—about one millionth part of his own recent debt—and, in his brutal greed, he hunted that man out and choked him.

V. 29. "Besought him." Not "worshipped him," as was done to the king (v. 26). Fellow-servants could not worship one another (cf. Rev. xix: 10); even Rome, with her deified emperors, would not tolerate that.

Vs. 31-33. The unmerciful man was at last even reported by his fellow-servants. So the procurator, Pontius Pilate, after more than once having his offences condoned or overlooked, was reported by his fellow-officials for his cruelty at Gerizim, and had to go to Rome with his accusers to face an angry emperor.

Such instances occurred not infrequently, and indeed this whole parable may have been based on some well-known historic occurrence.

V. 34. "The tormentors." The Greek word means those who put men to the rack. The sentence is more severe than in verse 25. Recall the descriptions of debtor prisons in "Litte Dorrit," and remember that those were debtor prisons after centuries of the ameliorating influences of Christianity.

"Till he should pay." Like the ancient formula, "for ninety-nine years," this was known to mean a life sentence. Men did not earn their own way out of Rome's debtor prisons; certainly not the men who owed millions.

V. 35. "So shall also my heavenly Father do." Christ often called God "my Father." Only twice do we know of his calling him "My *heavenly* Father" (Matt. xv: 13, and here); both of these are terrible declarations that there are some who will not be included among the saved. To the mind of Christ God was never more heavenly than when preserving a heaven for the hearts that would learn to love. A heaven half-filled with unmerciful servants, taking others by the throat, would not be a heaven for anybody, but only a continuation of the strife of earth. God is a "heavenly" Father, and his very heavenliness makes him see to it that hatred shall not dwell in the "many mansions."

Reflections.

God is taking account of his servants in this present life.

The unforgiving man would better not repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Some men promise to do what they can't, and refuse to do what they can.

God's goodness does not universally lead to repentance.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Zeal. (Luke xvi: 1–13.)

Topic for August 12th

So far as the use of this reference in Luke is involved in our topic, we must fasten our thoughts on the word "serve." "No servant can *serve* two masters. Ye can not *serve* God and mammon." We must understand what this word originally meant if we are to comprehend the significance of this brief but very important statement of our Lord. To serve was to be bound to another. It was to have one's whole being devoted to the interests of that other. We read that "Jacob served seven years for Rachel." And later, when Jacob had occasion to refer to this period of his life, in an interview with Laban, he did so in these terms: "In the day the drought consumed me, in the frost by night; and my sleep fled from mine eyes—I served thee fourteen years" (Gen. xxxi: 38 f.). In this vivid way he emphasized the fact that during that time he was wholly bound to the interests of the man he served.

* * *

To appreciate the force, therefore, of this Scripture, we must learn the meaning of the language at the time it was used. These terms, serve and service, pass glibly from our speech, but in present signification are very much modified. In any slight favor done for another, or aid given, we often say: "I am glad to be able to serve you." But to serve God, as our Lord uses the word when he says, "Ye can not serve God and mammon," is far more than an occasional act in his behalf or a series of contributions of time and money to his kingdom. It is to be bound to him and to his interests by all the force of our entire being. It means that we can not have interests exclusively our own and at the same time interests that are God's, and call that serving him. So if we are really to square ourselves with this measuring rod of our Lord, at this meeting, the real question is: "Who is actually my master? To what interests am I bound?" We often remark: "That man is wholly devoted to his business." We mean by that, in every opportunity that comes to that man, or in any proposition that is made to him, the use of his time or money, his answer is decided by its effect on his business. If the proposition is in any way to interfere with his business, by way of delay or hindrance, he replies, "No." If the proposal does not interfere with the usual and ordinary prosecution and success of his business, he may say, "Yes." That man's business controls his relation to other matters, whatever they are. He is bound to his business; he serves his business; all other interests have to be governed by the requirements of his business. In like manner a man may serve politics, or society, or lodge, or sports.

* * *

From this illustration it is not difficult to perceive what it means to serve God. It means that all the questions of our life will be decided by their effect upon our relations to God and to our work in his kingdom. In all suggestions that propose to occupy our time, or take our strength, or use our money, or utilize our influence, that man who serves God, or, as we say, is devoted to Christian life, will ask: "What does God think about this?" "Will this increase the value of my life in the kingdom of God, or otherwise?" The man who serves God—who is bound to him as another may be to his business or to his social life, will reach all his decisions in the multitude of life's problems by subjecting them to this test. He will take the side of God's interests, whatever other inducements may be.

We have needed all this consideration to prepare the way for the single idea of our topic. Zeal is the ardor, the degree of intensity with which we serve God. It makes all the difference, we can easily imagine, whether we serve God with reluctance, from feelings of fear, as a matter of stern duty, or with an appreciative eagerness and a delightful friendship. Zeal is a passionate fondness for that to which our minds are given. That is the kind of Christian life to which Jesus invites us. He intends that every touch we have with him or his work shall thrill us with delight. Listen! Hear him say, "These things have I spoken unto you, that your joy may be fulfilled." See him talking to that bedraggled woman at Jacob's well. "The water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life." The very impulse of zeal in serving God is a constant exhilaration.

* * *

But zeal is not a spurt. It is not produced by shifting the scenery and preparing the stage for that act. It is not a fire to be kindled in winter and to die out in summer. It is not a blaze flaring up in revival seasons only. It is a flame that has heat and glow. It is fed by constant replenishing with heavenly fuel. Icebergs do not chill the sun; the sun melts the mountain of ice. Brother, it is zeal that tells. Not "rustling," not "hustling," not an explosion, not a mild earthquake now and then in Christian work; but communion with God, absorbing study of the life and teachings of Christ, touch with men in their wants, their struggles and their possibilities. Take some work for God to do, to do thoroughly and to do with all the powers of your being. Put your soul into it. Draw your satisfaction from it. Do this, and you will find that you are serving God, and not mammon.

Faith, Hope, Love.

W. W. Lovejoy.

"But now abideth faith, hope, love."

Faith, Hope and Love—these three
Abide to all eternity.
But time is of eternity
A span: are present *now* the three
That mortal life may deathless be.

So changeless, constant, faithful these!
The wailing infant cry they appease;
By them in life's mid-stress is ease;
They whisper to the dying peace,
That Heaven's not strange since there are these.

"Abide, abide"; when tempest's trail
Has turned life's timorous blossoms pale,
When laden fruit-boughs meet the hail—
Soul's garden-toil brings only bale—
Our gloom the Shining Ones assail.

Life's clinging moil they aye withstood;
They taught us doubt of other good
But that their ways be understood;
And so in many a darkening mood
Their virtue passed into our blood.

Home Circle.

Two Mothers, Two Methods, Two Men.

By Martha Clark Rankin.

In a certain New England town, thirty years ago, there lived two families, whose outward circumstances were so similar as to be the occasion for frequent comment. They lived in the same street, in houses of about the same size and value; there could not have been more than a hundred dollars' difference in their yearly incomes. Each family consisted of father, mother, two daughters and one son.

If you had entered the two homes you would have noticed that they were about equally well furnished, that the children were about equally well dressed. Yet, in spite of this, you would soon have felt that the two homes were radically unlike. The difference was in the mothers, who were directly opposite in character, and, in each case, the mother's influence gave the home its tone.

Mrs. Brown was an earnest, God-fearing woman, whose motto was, "Do what is right, whether it be easy or hard." Her children were trained to go regularly and punctually to church and school, whenever they were able, whether they felt like it or not. They were taught that each day brought duties which must not be postponed without sufficient reason. They were shown that self-indulgence was weakening and demoralizing, that self-control would strengthen and ennoble their characters. "I forgot," or "I didn't feel like it," were not acceptable excuses in that family.

Mrs. Smith was an indolent woman who never did anything disagreeable if she could possibly get out of it. She let her children have their own way because it was too much trouble to make them mind. They went to church and school when they felt like it, and lessons and other duties were put off till the last minute and then rushed through in a hurry, the mother never troubling herself to interfere. She loved her children in a selfish, short-sighted way, but she never seemed to think of their future and the trouble and unhappiness which they would surely have to reap as a result of her careless sowing.

It so happened that the two young men, Edward Brown and Henry Smith, were ready to begin their business careers at the same time. They secured similar positions in the two banks of the town, beginning at the bottom of the ladder, with a good chance of climbing if their services proved to be of sufficient value. They started upon their new duties in quite different frames of mind, as would naturally be expected by any one who heard the parting counsels of the two mothers.

"'Oh, dear! I'm most sure you'll have to work too hard," said Mrs. Smith, "and it's a shame that you couldn't get a higher place;

this isn't half good enough for you. And I'm afraid you'll get hungry, working all the morning with no chance to get out at all. You'd better take something to eat in your pocket. And now don't let them impose upon you. You'd better find out the first thing just what you'll be expected to do, and then if they ask you to do anything else, you can just say that wasn't in the agreement. And if you don't like the place, or you have to work too hard, or you get tired, you'd better come right straight home, for there's no use in wearing out in that bank."

Mrs. Brown said: "Remember, my son, that beginnings are always important, and try to do your best from the start. You know it doesn't matter what you do as how you do it. You must expect to get tired, to make mistakes, and to find some things hard and disagreeable. Make up your mind to this at the outset and you won't get discouraged. Don't be afraid to do a little extra work when you can accommodate by so doing, and do your best always. If you can make yourself so useful to your employer that he won't know how to get along without you, then your success will be assured."

To-day, Edward Brown and Henry Smith are still living in the same town, but their homes are no longer side by side, nor at all similar in appearance. One has a large, comfortable house on the finest residence street. He is president of the bank, and has attained more than local reputation as a successful business man. His advice is widely sought, his judgment highly prized. He is a great help to his pastor in the church, and one of the town's most valued citizens. His attractive wife and children help him to make their home a center of enjoyment for many people. If you were to talk with Mr. Brown about his career, and ask him to what he attributes his success, his answer would be, "To my mother. No one could have better advice than I did when I started out for myself, but it was the years of careful training that preceded which made it possible for me easily to follow that advice."

Henry Smith and his family move frequently. He owns no house, and there is invariably something wrong about every one they rent. Besides, he says they can't afford to travel, and they get variety by moving. One would think they might have variety enough in the frequent changes of business; for just as Henry, the boy, thought his place in the bank altogether too hard for him, so Henry, the man, can never find any business that suits him. He is always grumbling that luck is against him and everybody down on him. He says there is no reason why he should be poor and Edward Brown rich when they started out even, only somehow Ed was always lucky, while things have always gone against him.

But Edward Brown only says: "Poor Henry! he never had any bringing up. If he had had such a home as mine, he never could have been such a shiftless, inefficient man, and I am heartily sorry for him."

In the town where these two men live, the contrast of their lives is a constant reminder to mothers of the power of their influence over their children. It is an object lesson which may well arrest the attention of mothers everywhere.

Sleep—Its Effects on Health and Beauty.

Sleep, the rest which holds the eyelids down, is of the utmost importance in good looks. There is no means, aid or condition so productive or preserving of a pleasing appearance as proper and sufficient sleep. Nothing will promote brightness and vivacity like this death-like rest which nature demands once every twenty-four hours. This fact is ignored by many of the most intelligent men and women. They know it, but they don't seem to know it well enough. Every walk in life seems too full—there is so much to do—"the world is too much with us," there does not seem time enough to sleep. When a halt is called, and we are forced to learn that we can accomplish much more by reason of stronger nerves, granted by the proper amount of sleep, we are on the way to successful accomplishment of our hearts' desires. Our cities are filled with tired eyes and faded complexions from lack of sleep. Our country places offer tired countenances from overwork. Society women consume their nights in revels of pleasure and their days in the duties incumbent upon their position and wonder why they fade. The farmer's wife works all day and half the night, arising in the morning unrested and unrefreshed, and wonders why she ages faster than her husband, whose work is done at dark. Youthful strength and comely appearance is absolutely dependent upon sufficient sleep. The woman who will consider this fact as positive will give the subject of sleep as much attention as she will that of diet or dress, or any other requirement of existence. To those who have been neglectful of this important function, I would advise, first, a determination to grant sufficient time from pleasure or duty for its full need. Then go to bed with the intention of sleeping—make your preparations by removing every garment worn through the day, putting on a loose single garment which has comfort for its recommendation. Do not sleep on feathers, this style of bed is a remnant of ignorance—a cotton or wool mattress is a good bed. Have your pillow just high enough to raise the head a little above the level of the body, and place the pillow under the head—not under the shoulders.

Sleep between sheets and under light but warm covering. Do not place your bed directly in a draft, but be sure to have an open window in your room; night air is only fresh air, and it is as necessary during sleep as at any other time. Sleep alone, and without a light. Assume a comfortable position, and lie hard upon the bed. This means relaxation of body. A child will make a greater impression where it lies in a bed than an adult, by reason of its more complete relaxation. Do not sleep with your face close to or near the wall. If the head is hot and the brain is overcharged with blood, treat the neck with a downward movement with the massage roller and it will tend to relieve the blood pressure in the head; this will also relieve neuralgia, from which many are liable to suffer at night. If sleepless, or if sleep comes slowly, relax the body and mind. Begin by forcing the toes, then the feet, then the tense muscles of the limbs, etc., to give up—to assume lifelessness. Let the jaw fall if you feel a sort of rigidity about the mouth. You may find the hands and the eye most stubborn to yield. Relaxation of the body or mind is simply giving up. Relax the body first, as you will need the mind to do it. Then force the mind to think of nothing—and unless there is some derangement of the bodily functions this alone will put you to sleep. One of the most common methods to induce sleep needs correction; that is, making great efforts of various kinds. Instead of striving and worrying about it, relax, give up; and if sleep does not come at once, you will at least rest, but, generally, when the strain is taken away from the brain, the body will begin to rest, and sleep will follow. Sleep and effort are foes. The old darky who said to his master, who vainly courted sleep: "The best cure I knows of is to stay up the night before," was not far wrong in his advice. To those who are sufferers from insomnia, try to remove the cause which provokes the nerves to this state of rebellion, by correcting the habits, by changing the diet, and by proper massage of the body. If tobacco, coffee, or other stimulants are to blame, stop them, either at once, or gradually; eat light, plain food, at regular hours, taking a cup of hot milk at bedtime, if you have been actively engaged since the last meal, and further aid nature's restorer by flushing the colon before retiring, thus relieving the system of refuse matter which causes pressure upon the nerve centers, and impedes free circulation of the blood. My own experience and that of many whom I know is that massage of the body, calculated to balance the circulation, will induce sound, healthy sleep. Get ready for sleep, and having relaxed the body by a few minutes' resting in a comfortable position, have some attendant or member of the family turn down the bed clothes except a light blanket, over which, with a Dr. Forest Massage Roller, roll you, beginning at the toes upward over the limbs to the waist. Then beginning at the fingers, roll the arms to the shoulder. Then the spine, or over either side of the spine, from the head downward. This should be done as lightly or as heavily as seems pleasant or agreeable. This treatment, lasting twenty minutes or less, will leave you too sleepy to say good night, and the sleep will last for hours.

A practice recommended to the sleepless is the taking of an air bath. This, before going to bed, or even getting up and taking it as an aid to sleep, will often prove beneficial. One should divest himself of all clothing and walk about; rubbing or rolling the body while in contact with the air is also helpful.—[Ella Van Pole in Health Culture.

Two Legends.

There is a legend in the Greek Church about her two favored saints—St. Cassianus, the type of monastic asceticism, individual character; and St. Nicholas, the type of genial, active, unselfish, laborious Christianity.

St. Cassianus entered heaven and Christ said to him:

"What hast thou seen on earth, Cassianus?"

"I saw," he answered, "a peasant floundering with his wagon in a marsh."

"Didst thou help him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I was coming before thee," said St. Cassianus, "and was afraid of soiling my white robes."

Then St. Nicholas entered heaven, all covered with mud and mire.

"Why so stained and soiled, St. Nicholas?" said the Lord.

"I saw a peasant floundering in the marsh," said St. Nicholas, "and I put my shouder to the wheel and helped him out."

"Blessed art thou," answered the Lord; "thou didst well; thou didst better than Cassianus."

And he blessed St. Nicholas with fourfold approval.

It is like the legend of one who saw an angel writing in a book the names of those who loved the Lord, and he said. "I pray thee have my name written among the lovers of my fellow-men." The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night he came again with great awakening light, and showed the names of those whom God had blest; and lo, this man's name read above all the rest. One thing, my friend, is certain—the more truly we love the Lord the more thoroughly shall we love and serve our fellow-men.—[Dean Farrar.

Our Boys and Girls.

There Is Black In the Blue of theSky.

An artist one day at his easel stood,
And sketched with a pencil free,
The gold of the meadow, the green of the wood,
And the purple gray of the sea.
A child looked over, a little way back,
And questioned the artist, "Why
Do you mix with your colors a touch of black
When you paint the blue of the sky?"

"Only because I see it, my child;
I am painting the sky as it is."
And he softly said to himself, and smiled:
"It is one of earth's mysteries.
Not the lily itself wears a perfect white,
Nor the red rose an unmixed dye;
There is light in shadows, and shadows in light,
And black in the blue of the sky."

What then? Are the skies indeed not blue,
Lilies white, nor the roses red?
Shall we doubt whether ever the crystal dew
Drops pearls on the path we tread?
We may dwell where there is no blue in the air,
No veil over earth, by and by.
But good is good, always and everywhere,
Though black may steal into blue sky.

We have read from the leaves of an old-fashioned Book
Of One in the glory unseen,
Whose gaze the seraphim dare not brook,
Before whom the heavens are unclean,
And the hope of immortals is in the thought
Of a Truth and a Love so high
That possible evil sullies them not—
No black in the blue of their sky.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The Teacher of the Sluggard.

By Frances M. Butler.

The wisdom of the ant has been taken for granted by all the ages since the day the wise King Solomon pointed her out as a teacher for the lazy and improvident human being.

Her industry is unquestionable, and her foresight wise, but my own observation leads me to the conclusion that she is very easily confused and lost, excedingly greedy, very opinionated, and obstinate, inhospitable and bad-tempered.

Last winter, I made friends with a colony of small black ants, and knew them quite intimately.

During convalescence from illness, my bedroom fireplace proved to be the home of a flourishing tribe of these insects. I thought it was the habit of ants to sleep during the winter, or at least to retire into absolute seclusion to feast upon the provisions acquired during an industrious summer; but one day in December, as I sat near the register, having just finished my breakfast, I observed a small procession of crumbs moving in a straight line across the floor. Looking more closely, I discovered that each morsel was borne aloft by a small black ant, whose course was toward the open fireplace.

As I watched, two or three more came from the opposite direction; they stopped and conferred for a moment with the leaders, then hurried on—more appeared in their wake, and, as I sprinkled more crumbs for them, I suppose the whole tribe was signalled and came to gather in the harvest, for new relays kept arriving until there seemed a claimant for every crumb.

They never helped each other with a burden. If one had a crumb too large for him to manage, another, or sometimes several others, grappled with it. They would bite and wrestle with a bit of bread or cake until it was finally broken up—when each would secure a portion and bear it off in triumph.

For some time I thought they were trying to rob each other, as, in their struggles to divide their prey, they would allow themselves to be lifted from the floor and tumbled over and over without once losing their hold, but I became convinced that the apparent interference was only when the load was too great for one to carry, and, most probably, was undertaken only at the request of the finder of the booty.

That they have means of communication with each other I am perfectly certain. I have watched them meet, stop and stroke each other with their antennae and proceed leisure-up on their way. This was the usual course, and was like the ordinary salutation of human beings; but if one was lost or excited and met another, he seemed instantly to partake of the excitement. Sometimes those coming out of the home on foraging expeditions, on meeting others homeward bound, turned and went back with them.

Ususally they came out to seek food in the morning. After they had borne off the stores I took care to provide, they would remain invisible for hours, probably engaged in storing their provisions and attending to their household affairs.

But they must have had some one on the watch, for if I scattered some grains of sugar or laid a tiny bit of candy on the floor, it would not be long before a scout would appear, who, hurrying back to the nest, would lead a line of comrades to the feast.

Occasionally the scout would fail to give notice of his find, and remain to selfishly gorge himself alone. When this was the case, two or three more invariably appeared, after an interval, probably sent out by the authorities to investigate the cause of the delay of the scout.

They never attempted to carry off bits of fruit, or anything sticky—as preserves or syrup—although they seemed inordinately fond of these dainties.

Their path, to and from their home somewhere in the back of the fireplace, was always the same. If I put any obstruction in the way they became much excited, and ran aimlessly about, tumbling over each other and rushing in opposite directions. At such times they of-

ten reared their bodies upward as if about to sting.

Close examination proved them to be entirely stingless. I could not tell whether this attitude was intended to intimidate, or whether it was merely a sign of excitement.

If I even took a wet sponge and washed off a brick over which their pathway ran, it seemed to confuse them, and they would lose their way.

This seemed to prove that they track themselves by sense of smell rather than by sight. And yet, some of the experiments I tried with them went to prove that their sense of smell was not to be at all relied upon.

I took three wooden toothpicks and stuck them about two inches apart in a crack where the hearth joined the floor; the top of the middle toothpick having been dipped in thick syrup. Then I caught an ant on a slip of paper and introduced him to the elevated dainty.

Long he sipped and enjoyed the treat, and I began to think I had lighted upon a peculiarly greedy specimen of the tribe; but at last, surfeited with the luscious feast, he departed to his home. In a very short time several ants came hurrying forth, and, without an instant of hesitation, proceeded to climb the right toothpick and partake of the syrup. After a few moments I removed the toothpick—shook off the ants, who were very loth to go—and put it back in the place of one of those without any syrup—dipping it afresh, and placing the dry one in the middle.

The dispossessed ants, much bewildered, ran hither and thither, and conferred with each other, but, soon being joined by some others, found the track and came straight to the middle toothpick; they did not try the other two at all, but ran up and down, and finally gave up the search.

Evidently, their sense of smell was not their guide, but they relied on the information they had received from the first feaster.

I tried this experiment several times, with variations as to the manner, but always with the same result.

One day finding, on a plate of fruit, two ants, which looked to me to be identical with my friends in the fireplace, I carefully placed them on a brick in the pathway to the home. Alas! they were aliens, and regarded as deadly enemies, for they were straightway executed without appeal to judge or jury. Judge Lynch is the law-giver among the ant tribes.

Last spring, a man was digging a posthole in the garden. Passing near and seeing him pause in his wark and look attentively at the ground, I joined him, and found that in digging he had disturbed the underground habitation of a tribe of ants. They were reddish, and rather above the medium size.

All was in confusion—myriads of ants were rushing hither and thither—most of them having their bodies upreared in the attitude before described. These ants may have possessed stings—I did not examine them. As we continued to look, order was established, the ants quieted down, and in a very few minutes, a long procession issued forth. Two by two they came, one bearing on his head an egg or pupa nearly as large as himself, the other close by his side, as if to guard and escort him on his way.

The digging was postponed until all had been removed. They worked incessantly for more than an hour—removing the pupae, which apparently were nearly hatched, and were the object of anxious solicitude.

After the first confusion was over, all was perfect order. Discipline prevailed, and the pupae were carried several yards away to the base of a large cherry-tree, where a passage seemed to lead under the roots of the tree. Possibly, it may have been a part of the subterranean dwelling—already tenanted by the ants. I saw no food removed. As it was late in the spring, perhaps the winter stores were consumed and they were subsisting on fresh supplies gathered daily.

Ants are very interesting, and exhibit intelligence within certain limits. They may certainly teach a lesson to the sluggard—but in many respects other insects show more resource and ingenuity.

The Cost of Success.

The story of the successful artist whose secret was that he mixed his colors with his own blood, has a virtual counterpart in every calling in life. A writer in an English paper says:

"A cobbler was once asked how long it took to become a good shoemaker. He answered promptly: 'Six years, and then you must travel.'

That cobbler had an artist soul. I told a friend the story, and he asked his cobbler the same question, 'How long does it take to become a good shoemaker?" 'All your life, sir.' That was still better—a Michael Angelo of shoes.

"Mr. Maydole, the hammermaker of Central New York, was an artist. 'Yes,' said he to Mr. Paton, 'I have made hammers here for twenty-eight years.' 'Well, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time.' 'No, sir,' was the answer. 'I never made a pretty good hammer. I make the best hammer made in the United States.'"

Many things go to make up the *happiness* of our life. This is its *blessedness*—to have faith in God, to be truly, deeply, practically religious.—[Rufus Ellis.

Church News.

Northern California.

San Francisco, Pierce Street.—Reports three additions to its membership.

Santa Cruz.—Rev. R. H. Sink of Stockton will supply the pulpit of the Congregational church during the month of August.

Grass Valley.—Rev. B. Dent Naylor has accepted the unanimous request of his people and will remain as their pastor another year.

San Quentin.—Chaplain Drahms reports a service of great interest, conducted by the Salvation Army. Commander Booth-Tucker preached impressively.

San Francisco First.—Rev. Clarence T. Brown has closed his supply of the pulpit and returned to Salt Lake City. Rev. Dr. Adams is expected home the last of the week.

Saratoga.—Rev. G. H. DeKay preached at Saratoga last Sunday morning for Pastor Cross, and in the evening addressed a union temperance meeting at the Methodist church.

Stockton.—The Congregational church will be closed during August. The communication from Mr. Sink regarding our beloved Dr. Holbrook's condition will be read with tender interest in all parts of the State.

Rocklin.—The pastor, Dr. Day, is ill with malaria. A newspaper clipping states that his son, Rev. R. C. Day, of Rohnerville, who is visiting him, has designs of persuading his parents' removal to Humboldt county.

Redwood.—Rev. C. S. Billings has very acceptably ministered to this people during the pastor's absence. Mr. Maar was greeted by good congregations on his return. His topics last Sunday were "The Transfiguration" and "Helpfulness of the Hills."

Cloverdale.—On Sunday the pastor spoke upon the "Famine in India"; the collection following added $61 to the "Famine Relief Fund." Our Methodist friends worshipping with us, at the request of their pastor, had taken their offering some weeks ago, but generously helped to swell our contribution.

N. E. B.

San Francisco, Richmond.—Rev. E. D. Weage preached two excellent sermons last Sunday on the themes, "The Supreme Importance of Religion" and "Christ's Estimate of Character," in which he led his hearers into the presence of God and kept them there throughout the services. He has been spending his vacation with his family in Berkeley and returns to his own church this week.

Alturas.—From this northern outpost come the church announcements for the month of August. Our faithful brother is laboring there with all his might. Each Sunday finds him conducting church services and carrying on Sunday-schools at stations twenty or more miles apart, with prayer-meetings, singing meetings, meetings of the C. E. Society, and of the Ladies' Aid Society filing in the other days of the week. Let us follow the reading of this item with one prayer for him and his devoted wife.

Fairview.—In San Mateo county, was once the center of Congregational activity, many of the farmers gathering Sunday by Sunday in the little country meeting-house. Owing to a complete change of the community, the ranchers now being Portuguese, the work had to be given up, and for years the property has been idle and going to decay. Fortunately, after several months' negotiation the plant has been sold and the money returned to our Building Society, to be used for other work. While such cases occasionally are to be found, it is a matter for rejoicing that in the last five years only two churches in Northern California have been sold because there was no longer any use for them. *H. H. W.*

Kenwood.—It was a pleasure on Sunday last to worship with the little church at Kenwood. The attendance was good and the carefully prepared sermon on "Forgive Us Our Debts as We Forgive Our Debtors," by the young pastor, Rev. R. B. Cherington, was interesting and appreciated by the people. This band of disciples, gathered from various parts of the world and several different denominations, is thoroughly harmonious and in nothing more united than over the earnest devotion of their young leader. While not forsaking the continual study essential to the highest usefulness, he gives himself unreservedly to pastoral work, and his interest in every family and every individual is constantly increasing his hold upon the community. The church is working on the "Capan plan," in benevolences and carefully observes a missionary Sunday once in ten weeks. Then offerings are made and the amount divided in accordance with the proportion suggested by the committee. At present there is building near the church a cozy cottage, into which, it is no secret to say, the worthy pastor is, ere long, to lead the "best lady of the land," who has already proven herself a successful worker in the kingdom. *Visitor.*

Southern California.

Bakersfield.—The pastor, Rev. E. R. Fuller, is a guest of Rev. H. B. Mowbray. He reports favorably for the church which, during his absence, is carrying on services with lay preaching.

Pomona.—Rev. Dr. L. H. Frary and wife of Pomona are to go East after the first Sunday in August for a vacation of eight or ten weeks.

to be spent in New York, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Ex-President Brooks of Tabor College will supply the Pomona pulpit during the absence of Dr. Frary.

Paso Robles.—A letter full of cheer has come from Mr. Reid, the substance of which we give to our readers. We regret the necessity of condensation, but the alternative must be delay in publishing. The first favorable impressions of the place and people, their present condition and their prospects, have been justified and strengthened. The pastor is at home in his own hired house. Many new acqaintances and friends have been made. Contributions to the proposed church building are coming in. The residents and busness men of the town, irrespective of church affiliations, are coming forward with generous aid. Preliminary sketches for the new church home have been made, though nothing as yet decided on. A most hearty reception, participated in by other pastors, has been accorded Mr. and Mrs. Reid. Mr. Reid will preach for the following two Sunday evenings for the Methodist church, by invitation of their pastor. His services as an architect have already been called into requisition by the town council. And Mr. Reid offers to put any one having a few hundred dollars in the way of a good investment in real estate. On a recent Sunday he preached twice, taught two Sunday-school classes, led a C. E. meeting, aided in singing in the church service, and rode eighteen miles on his bicycle, to accomplish it. The mercury stood at 106 degrees, but that wasn't much.

Dr. Holbrook Nearing Home.

Stockton, July 30, 1900.

Dear Brother Ferrier: As I shall be out of town until after The Pacific goes to press I thought perhaps you might want to know how Dr. Holbrook is. He is waiting for the end. His mind wanders considerably and he is living much in the scenes of the past; he is a pastor again; he is trying to lead some one into the church; he is trying to persuade some one to enter the ministry. When he is aroused he knows those who speak to him, calls such by name, but soon is wandering among other scenes and with people we have not known. Yesterday (Sunday) morning I called upon him before the church service; he knew me and called my name; when I asked him if he had any message to send to the people, he said, "Give them my love." This morning he is in much the same physical condition, but the end can not be many days off. He is quite comfortable, suffering very little, if any, pain. The church closes for the month of August and I expect to spend most of the time at Santa Cruz. Fraternally yours,

Reuben Henry Sink.

Ministers' Meeting.

Rev. C. P. Dorland of Los Angeles moved all hearts as he spoke on "What to Preach and How to Preach It." An outgrowth of experience, it appealed to experience with the freshness and force which such words always carry. The general thought was, an insistence of spiritual truth as the theme, communicated by the Holy Spirit to a disciple of Jesus through the medium of intimate companionship with Jesus. We regret that pressure upon our columns does not admit of a more extended report. It was a great theme, uttered with profound conviction and freshly stated.

Prof. F. H. Foster will address the Club at its next meeting on "Vacation Experiences in the East and in England."

The absentees are gradually returning, all of them with happy faces and cheery words. It was good to see again some faces which have been missed. And "yet there's more to follow" in the fellowship of coming weeks.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

To-day the First church of this city had the pleasure of listening to two excellent sermons by Rev. Wallace Nutting, D.D., of Providence, R. I., formerly the pastor of Plymouth church, Seattle, Wash. Dr. Nutting is accompanied by Mrs. Nutting, and will remain several weeks on the Coast.

Mr. Ackerman will take his vacation in August, and the church will be closed for the evening during the month. The morning service will be conducted by Rev. W. C. Kantner, D.D., of the Salem First church.

Rev. R. A. Rowley, Supt. C. S. S. & P. S., supplied the Sunnyside church this morning. In the evening Mr. Staub preached, he having returned from his vacation.

Since it was late in the season before Rev. B. S. Winchester began his work as pastor of the Hassalo Street church, it is understood that he will not take a vacation this year.

After a long and useful life Mr. Francis M. Warren was called to his eternal rest on July 9th, at the age of 82 years and four months. He became a member of the First church in 1857, coming to this city from Maine with his wife, who died several years ago, and one son, Frank M., who is now one of the best and most favorably known business men of Portland. Mr. Warren filled the positions of Sunday-school superintendent and deacon for a number of terms, and at his death was a deacon emeritus. He was always steadfast and faithful to every trust, and wise in counsel. For years he had been an invalid and for the last two years a great sufferer. Yet amid all his pain he was uncomplaining and met his final earthly end with gladness. While

not specially demonstrative, his memory will long be treasured by those who knew him.

The sad news came from Seattle yesterday that Mrs. Young, wife of Rev. Harry W. Young, the efficient assistant of Rev. Samuel Greene, Supt. of the C. S. S. &. P. S., had just died as a result of a tumor. The numerous friends of Mr. Young in this city, and in different parts of the State, extend to him their deep sympathy in this, his hour of unspeakable grief.

Supt. Rowley of the C. S. S. & P. S. returned from a brief vacation in the Cascade mountains east of Albany, near the post village of Gates. At that point a church was organized several years ago, and a house of worship erected; but changes of residence by a number of the members left the church very weak. Mr. Rowley has preached there twice and he will go again in August. Some degree of interest was awakened, the building insured once more, and at the last service a collection of $6 taken for the C. C. B. S. This, in common with many other places in the State, is a place where a good work might be done provided regular services could be maintained, even at intervals of once a month.

Supt. Rowley reports that his helper, Mr. Mark Munson, is doing a good work in Lane and Douglas counties. There are many localities in both counties where the people are not reached by religious influence of any kind. In all these out of the way places the people readily respond to the appeals made in the interest of better living.

Supt. Greene of the C. S. S. & P. S. of Washington called upon the writer yesterday. The unexpected death of Mrs. Young called him home to Seattle so that he was compelled to cancel some engagements to preach at Vancouver and other points along the Columbia river.

The work in the large parish of Rev. Daniel Staver is being pushed with his usual vigor. At all times he is diligent, and on the alert always to win souls to Christ. Supt. Rowley assisted him recently at Hillside, ten miles north of Forest Grove, and a large attendance was present. The new church at that place is under roof and rapidly approaching completion.

Hon. Erasmus D. Shattuck, one of the most upright and distinguished jurists of Oregon, died in this city on the 26th inst. He came to Oregon from Vermont, where he was born on October 31, 1824. He and his wife early came in touch with Dr. Atkinson, and both assisted him in teaching at an academy at Oregon City, and later both taught at Tualatin Academy, Forest Grove. Soon after he was elected to the territorial legislature, and in 1857 was a member of the constitutional convention. Afterwards he became a noted lawyer, and by integrity and industry won a foremost place at the bar. He was a man of strong convictions and independent thought, and could not be swerved one iota from what he conceived to be the right course to pursue. In 1862 he was elected circuit judge and since then he served twenty-three years in a judicial capacity, being supreme judge of the State for four years. During the years of early statehood no man had a greater influence, and throughout his long career he has been most highly esteemed by those of all shades of political beliefs, and citizens in general. His name will always live in the annals of Oregon as a synonym of all that is true, just and upright.

Portland, July 29th.

Washington Letter.

I. Learned

The reception given Dr. and Mrs. Nutting of Providence, R. I., by Plymouth church, on July 16th, was very largely attended by the members of the church and other friends in the city. No former pastor of the church has been remembered by so many as has Dr. Nutting, for his pastorate began a new era in its history and was fruitful of large additions.

On the 18th was held the summer meeting of the Puget Sound Congregational Club, at Point Defiance Park, Tacoma, at 12, noon, to four o'clock p. m. Dr. Nutting was the guest of the club and made the address of the occasion. His theme was "The Religious Significance of Physical Progress." It was full of interest and instruction.

Rev. S. M. Freeland, as chairman of the Outlook Committee, gave us in a fifteen-minute address the "Pacific Coast Outlook." This was the largest meeting of the club for many years, about eighty persons coming over from Seattle and nearly a hundred attending from Tacoma. It was really a delightful occasion.

Dr. Nutting preaches to-morrow, 29th, for the First church, Portland, and, with his wife, he is planning to find some quiet spot of summer resort and spend a few weeks on this Coast before returning to his work.

The Business Committee of our State Association has in preparation the program for the annual meeting in September. If any of our pastors or churches have any suggestions to make in reference thereto they should write immediately to Dr. W. H. G. Temple, the committee's chairman. These programs, agreeably to the instructions of the last Association, are to be in the hands of the churches one month before the date of the meeting, with the expectation that each church will consider the question of the expediency of the division of the State Association, and instruct their delegates according to the views of each church thereon.

The friends of Rev. Harry W. Young, Missionary of the C. S. S. & P. S. in Washington, residing at Seattle, will be pained to read of the fatal results of the illness of Mrs. Young, whom, we learn by wire while we are absent from home, passed away during the night of the 27th. She has been seriously ill for five or six weeks and for some time her physician has given no encouragement for her recovery.

Clarke Co., Wash., July 28th.

The Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

Rev. M. B. Norris has closed his service as pastor of the Dayton church. On Sunday morning, July 22d, a large congregation assembled to listen to Brother Morris's farewell sermon. For nearly three years he and his wife—and for some time his daughter—served the church and congregation with efficiency. During this pastorate the Sunday morning congregations and Sunday-school attendance have enlarged, extensive repairs, costing $800, on the church property have been made, nearly $100 worth of books have been added to the Sunday-school library, new singing books introduced, and a baby organ for Christian Endeavor meetings and other purposes purchased. As a result of thorough, evangelical and earnest preaching there has been a deepening of the religious life on the part of the members, showing itself especially in greatly increased missionary contributions. Since the first of this year the offerings have amounted to over $100. The church is in a wholesome condition and seeking a worthy leader. The church and congregation gave Mr. and Mrs. Morris a reception and expressed their appreciation of their services in valuable tokens of esteem. They will make their home for the present at Minneapolis. In the departure of Mr. Morris, Eastern Washington has lost a brother greatly beloved on account of his Christlike spirit; a man of most earnest and lofty purpose, ever loyal to the truth and always abounding in the service of the Lord. We wish him the continued divine guidance and grace.

Rev. Edmund Owens of Chewelah and Springdale visited his old field in the Big Bend last week and preached at the new Beulah church last Sunday to a good congregation. Rev. W. E. Young is building a house at Almira. The Hillyard church had a lawn social at the Mrs. McArthur home last Tuesday evening, and the Junior Society had a social in the church on Thursday evening. Both proved pleasant and profitable occasions.

On Friday evening the Pleasant Prairie church had an unique social reunion. The tables were spread with such refreshments as delight the heart as well as satisfy the physical needs of man. This was followed by about a dozen speeches, full of wit and wisdom.

The services of the Medical church are omitted for two Sundays in August for the purpose of papering and varnishing the interior of the building. The portrait of the late Rev. David Wirt, enlarged, will have a place beside that of the late Rev. Cushing Eells. The latter organized the church and the former was pastor when the building was erected. It is an evidence of the energy and foresight of the good brother whose memory is revered.

Important improvements are in process on the interior of the Westminster church. Rev. J. D. Jones, of Medical Lake, is to occupy the Dayton pulpit next Sunday.

Spokane, Wash., July 28th.

Food for Fishes.

Prof. Charles L. Bristol has a paper in the August Century, illustrated with full-page pictures in tints, describing the "Treasures of the New York Aquarium." Strange as it may seem, the favorite tidbit of fishes that are a little "off their feed" is a bit of salted codfish!

Sometimes a fish will refuse to eat for days, as did the large moray that came from Bermuda. At one time this great eel fasted for eighteen days, and at another time for twenty-seven, thus causing its caretaker the utmost anxiety. Eagerly they study the bill of fare provided for their patients. Now a live herring is offered, now a dead one; now a soft-shell clam in the shell, now a quahog minced fine; and so on through the list until the fasting animal is enticed to eat. The most attractive morsel to a moping fish seems to be a strip cut from a salted codfish and manoeuvered about on a long stick to give it the appearance of being alive.

The regular daily feeding of the animals is another source of care, not only in regard to the special diets of the various kinds of fishes, but also in the serving. The dietary is quite varied, as some fish are vegetarians, many carnivorous, and a few omnivorous. The vegetarians are few in number, and feed on soaked cereals or green plants in season. The carnivores have various tastes; some are fond of soft-shell clams alive in the shell, others will eat only quahogs or little-neck clams minced fine; some will eat only living fishes that they can capture, others thrive on fresh dead fishes from which the bones have been removed; some require a diet of live shrimps or small crabs; and almost all enjoy a bit of salted codfish as a delicacy. Besides the fishes there are the turtles, seals, lobsters, sea-anemones, and others to provide for, each requiring a special knowledge of its wants and habits through all the seasons. The number of mouths to be fed regularly exceeds three

thousand, and the supply of food comes largely from Fulton Market; but the live fishes and shrimps must be caught and handled by the attendants, who draw their supplies almost entirely from the near-by waters of Sheepshead and Gravesend bays.

On Duty.

Uncle Alex came out on the back piazza with the newspaper, and was just going to seat himself in one of the arm-chairs, when a very large spider, weaving its web among the vines, attracted his attention.

He went closer to look at it, and presently called to Neddie, who was playing in the yard, "Neudie, come and see this huge spider."

"I can't come, Uncle Alex," replied Neddie. "I am on duty."

Uncle Alex stopped looking at the spider, and looked at Neddie. He had a paper soldier cap on, and, carrying his toy gun, was gravely pacing up and down before his tent, which was pitched on the grass under the big cherry tree. Will Ramsey and two or three other boys were in the adjoining meadow, galloping along on sticks and flourishing wooden swords. There was probably a battle going on, though the cows, chewing their cuds under the trees, didn't seem to be frightened.

"What are you doing?" asked Uncle Alex.

"I am a sentinel on guard," said Neddie.

"Can't you come over here just a minute, if I watch the tent?"

"No, indeed!" answered Neddie, decidedly. "Soldiers mustn't go away a second when they are on duty."

"Well, well," said Uncle Alex, seeming quite amused, as he sat down to his paper.

Toward the close of the afternoon, when the tent was deserted and the boys were playing something else at the other side of the house, Neddie's mother came out on the porch from the kitchen, carrying a small basket.

She looked hastily around, and then called. "Neddie, Neddie; where are you?"

"Here, mamma!" he shouted, bounding around the corner of the house and up the steps.

"I want you to go over to the store and get me two pounds of sugar and a half pound of raisins," said the mother, adding, as she gave him the basket and some money, "Now, don't be gone long. I am making something good for supper, and I want those things as soon as possible."

About ten minutes after Neddie had gone, Uncle Alex started to the postoffice. When he reached the little brook which had to be crossed to get to the village, he saw Neddie standing on the bridge, throwing pebbles into the water.

"Hallo, Neddie!" he said. "I thought you were on duty."

"No, sir," replied the boy, looking in surprise; "we're not playing soldier now. Mamma sent me on an errand."

"Did she send you here to throw pebbles in the brook?"

"No, sir; she sent me to the store."

"I thought I heard her giving you a commission which was to be executed with promptness and dispatch; and, knowing you to be such a soldierly fellow, who could not be tempted away from duty a moment, I wonder, rather, to see you standing here." And Uncle Alex stroked his whiskers meditatively and knit his brow, as though he was trying to study the matter out.

Neddie, with a puzzled expression, looked steadily in his uncle's face for a moment or two, and then, turning his steps toward the village, was off like a flash.

Uncle Alex was standing on the postoffice steps, reading a letter, when he happened to see Neddie come out of the grocery with his basket and walk rapidly homeward. Some little boys on the other side of the street also spied him, and, running over, surrounded him, evidently wanting him to stop with them a little while. But he, though in a very good-natured way, declined their invitation and kept on his way. He realized that he was on duty. —[S. S. Evangelist.

St. Nicholas.—Full of instruction and interest for children from six to sixty, and beyond. Stories, of course, and an entertaining chapter on "Cats," and an account full of interest of the great volcanic eruption of Kratatua in 1883, and an exciting experience of Rev. Charles M. Sheldon among the riotous strikers, entitled "A Trip with a Rain Maker," and lots of other good things comprise the articles.

Mrs. Lloyd, wife of Prof. R. R. Loyd, who with her daughter, has been very ill at Pacific Grove, is now recovering, but slowly. Prof. Lloyd has returned to Oakland.

GLEANINGS.

We are never free from temptation's presence, though we may be from its power.

I hate a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.

You are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself.—[Robertson.

Life without liberty is joyless; but life without joy may be great The greatest of life is sacrifice.

"Success is costly if we pay for it in lowered standards and degraded manhood and womanhood."

Household.

Five Ways of Cooking Ham.

Ham Omelet.—Cut raw, lean ham into dice and fry in butter; when done add three well-beaten eggs and fry. For ham omelets, minced boiled ham is nice, and scraps may be utilized in this way.

Barbecued Ham.—Cut large slices of cold boiled ham and fry them in their own fat. Prepare a sauce to pour over them by adding one tablespoonful each of vinegar, sugar and made mustard, and a little pepper to the fat left in the pan. Lay the slices of ham in a hot platter, add the sauce, and serve at once.

Broiled Ham.—Cut the ham in slices of medium thickness, place on a hot gridiron and cook until the fat begins to drip out and the meat is slightly brown; with a knife and fork remove from the gridiron and drop into cold water. Then return to the gridiron. Repeat this until the ham is done. Serve on a hot platter.

Ham Salad.—Chop fine one cup of ham; soak one cup of bread crumbs in one-half cup of sweet milk, add one teaspoonful each of dry mustard and celery seed and a little pepper. Turn all into a saucepan and heat thoroughly. Serve hot on a small platter, garnished with slices of hard-boiled eggs.—[L. M. Annable, in Good Housekeeping for May.

Boiled Ham.—Wash the ham very clean, trim, and soak for three hours in vinegar and water, one tablespoonful of vinegar to each quart of water is sufficient. Remove the ham from this, place in a deep pot over the fire, and add sufficient cold water to cover. As it comes to a boil remove all scum. While boiling, add two turnips, two heads of celery, two small onions, and a bunch of savory herbs. Let cook slowly until done. Remove from the water, peel off all skin. Sift bread crumbs over it, and set it in the over to brown.

The ambition of a penitent soul is to become a reflector from which the glories of God may be more widely diffused on the world of men and angels.—[Salter.

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HOW TO HELP A CHURCH.

To hinder a church is easy. No one needs any pointers in that direction. On the other hand, How to help the church, should be the inquiry; and, believing that many an earnest soul is anxious to know how to do this, we offer the following:

Come to the church rejoicing in God our Savior. Strive to be pleased with everything there. Avoid finding fault. Look around carefully, to discover something to commend. Note the good things—the comfortableness and neatness of the room, good seats, etc. Observe the good qualities in the pastor, and close your eyes to his defects. Strive to shed sunshine and good cheer upon others, and do all you can to promote harmony. Be content to be a helper, not a self-seeking "ruler."

Say *en*-couraging things to the pastor, and keep the *dis*-couraging things to yourself. Speak to other members of the minister's excellencies, his strong points, his good sermons. When a brother has said or done something in the prayer-meeting or elsewhere that has helped you, tell him of it cheerfully, thankfully. It will do him good. If a stranger is present at the services, make a special effort to speak to him when the congregation is dismissed; take him cordially by the hand, thank him for being there, and invite him to come again. Also, greet those around you. Shake hands with them, speak of the good sermon.

Then attend the prayer-meeting and the Sunday-school regularly, and see to it that during the week you speak to your neighbors and friends of the good meetings you are having in the church, and cordially invite them to go with you to the next meeting.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUR HEART.

Have you a real heart trust in Christ?

Do you find genuine delight in the law of the Lord?

Have you a constant experimental knowledge of what divine comfort is?

When you go to your knees does the joy of inward communion with God instantly rise in your soul?

Does your faith lay fast hold upon the divine promises so that you feel they are as much for you as if no one else had ever appropriated them?

Is the witness of the Spirit in your heart a living, thrilling truth, superior to all mental misgiving and conversational doubts?

Are you interested in the thought of an ever deepening piety, an experience of rich blessings and a growth in grace that is constant, comprehensive and manifest?

Do you believe in Jesus as an all-conquering Leader who never lost a battle, and who will surely conduct you to triumph and glory if you are true to him?

Do you let God use you in saving souls? Has the crown of your rejoicing one single star more in it than it had ten years ago?—[Michigan Christian Advocate.

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"Two years ago I used two bottles of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and in April a nice baby was born, before the doctor came," writes Mrs. Katie Auliker, of 754 Pat Street, Alliance, Ohio. "I was not very sick. Baby is now 14 months old and weighs 30 pounds. Now I expect another about August, and I am again taking the 'Favorite Prescription' and feel very well. Several neighbors are using Dr. Pierce's medicine through my telling them about it. One lady says, 'before commencing Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I had to vomit every day, but after I got the medicine, from the first spoonful that I took, I stopped vomiting.' It has done the same thing for me. It is a God-send for women."

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